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SACRED POEMS,

OR

Briefe Meditations,

Of the day in generall
and of all the dayes in
the weeke.

Pſalme 90. 12.

Teach us (O Lord) ſo to number our dayes that we may apply our hearts unto wiſedome.

LONDON,
Printed by E. Griffin. 1641.

Wing a 141

GEMS,

OR

Devotional Meditations,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

LONDON:

TO

The Right Worſhipfull, his Honoured, and loving Maſter Sir IAMES CAMBELL Knight, and Senior Alderman of the Citie of London;

one of his Majeſties Juſtices of peace for the ſaid Citie, Mayor of the Staple at Weſtminſter, Preſident of the *Hoſpitall* of Saint *Thomas* in Southwark, and Governour of the Company of Merchants trading into France:

EDWARD BROWNE,

Preſenteth theſe fruits of his Poeticall Meditations: with his daily prayers to God, for increaſe and continuance of health, and Proſperitie in this Life; and eternall felicity in the life to come.

RIght worſhipfull: I have been very bold,
My mind to you, though raſhly) to unfold,
At this time, ſince I meane no more to write,
Such fruitleſſe lines, to come unto your ſight:
I'm bold to uſe a learned Poets skill;
(Though farre unfit for my unlearned quill)

Onely to manifeſt my thankfull hart:
For what God, by you, on me, doth impart.
Therefore I pray; accept this little Booke;
Yet I acknowledge, tis not worth your looke;
Becauſe tis framed by unskilfull wit,
And yet againe, the matter that's in it,
Would crave inſpection of iudicious eyes:
But that my infant Muſe, could not deviſe
To frame, compoſe, and write, ſuch learned Rimes
As fit your worth (in theſe moſt curious times)
And ſacred things, which I here take in hand
To illuſtrate; which well to underſtand,
Declare, and (fully) to deſcribe the ſame,
Would 'maze the head, of the moſt learned Braine.
Then how can I, that am in wit ſo bare,
In any wiſe, ſuch holy things declare?
Yet what the learned, from Gods word have ſhowne,
I have preſumed, herein to make knowne;
To manifeſt, how I ſpend my ſpare time
In Poetry, although by ragged Rime.
Therefore, becauſe know you onely are
My deareſt friend and have of me great care,
I here preſent you this my little skill,
Full of Affection, voyd of ſmalleſt ill;
And if you pleaſe, to read it to the end
I hope it ſhall not juſtly you offend;
For at the firſt, when I began to write,
I did compoſe it for mine owne delight;
But when I read it I therein did ſee,
A little ſpark of ſacred Poetry,
Alſo, have obſerv'd, you doe of late,
Delight to read, more then in former ſtate.
This did induce me to become ſo bold,
My Talent in your lap thus to unfold,

Praying

Prayi g your Worſhip herein to paſſe by
The faults I doe commit unwittingly :
For Gods great aid herein, I'll render prayſe,
And of your courteous Çandor reſt alwayes,

Your humble and Gratefull
Servant,

EDWARD BROWNE.

An Acrostick Proem.

To his kind and Loving Master and vertuous Lady.

SIR,

IN this small Booke, (though rudely) I have showne
According to my Art, and skill,
Many unfruitfull fancies of my owne:
Each of them shewes my true good will.
Sith better pledges I have none,
Can make my Gratitude well knowne.
And I doe hope, you will accept this mite,
More for th'intent, then for the thing;
Because I writ it, onely for de ight,
Endevouring thereby to bring
Little sweet Honey to the Hive,
Like to the Bee; to show I thrive.
Rashly herein, I doe confesse I take
A skillfull Learned Poets quill,
'Cause I unlearned am, nor know to make
Holy Sonnets free from ill
Every verse doth show my folly,
Little worth, in Melancholy.
Charge mee therefore with what is writ amisse,
And if that any good is done,
My God of that, the onely Authour is,
Because the Fountaine makes streames run,
Ev'n to refresh our minds, and make us blest
Like to Gods Saints: And thus I ever rest,

Your Faithfull and Obedient Servant,
EDWARD BROWNE.

Præſentatio Gratificationis 25. die Martii. 1640.

THis day ſome ſay; did our Lord God begin
This Worlds round Globe, to make and to create;
And in this moneth comes in the fragrant ſpring,
Therefore the learn'd, almoſt in every ſtate,
Begin their Bookes, and Reckonings on this day;
To ſhew how pretious time doth haſte away.
Therefore I alſo, though my learning's ſmall,
Begin this yeare to ſhew my thankfull heart,
My light grew dimme, my Oyle was waſted all,
But Divine Bartas helped me in part:
For out of his None-ſuch, and holy weeke,
I was faine many flowers for to ſeek:
Which I Inſerted in my weekly dayes,
And by a Prick, you'll know my ſacred Pelfe;
Becauſe I would not take unto my praiſe,
Anothers worth to my unlearned ſelfe,
I borrowed his, to make this preſentation,
A perfect, and compleat Gratification.

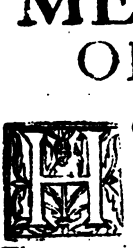
A Prayer to God.

OH Holy God, Thou know'ſt my heart is vaine,
My words are ſinfull, and my workes profane:
And men of Bethſhemeſh, becauſe they did
Looke in the Ark, by thee were ſtricken dead;
And Uzza, but for ſtaying it upright,
When it did ſhake, thou there to death thatſt ſmite;
How dare I then preſume to write or ſpeake
Of holy things, being ſo vile and weake?
Yet I doe know by thy moſt ſacred writ,
I muſt acknowledge the great benefit,
I have received from thee, and thereof talke
As I doe ſtand or goe, or ſit or walk;
Therefore I crave of thee aſſiſting might,
For out of darkneſſe, thou canſt make true light
To ſhine and blaze, O be thou ever ſtill,
Guider and framer of my perverſe will:
That thy bright glory may ſhine in theſe Rimes,
To ſtirre up better wits in after-times;
To frame, compoſe and make a perfect ſtory,
Of temporall bleſſings and eternall glory.

19. *Pſalme ult.*

Let the words of my mouth and the Meditatic
of my heart, be (now and ever) acceptable in t
ſight O Lord; my ſtrength, and my Redeeme

A MEDITATION OF THE DAY.



Ow fraile and Brittle is the life of man!
He that lives longeſt liveth but a ſpan;
Our pretious time ſo vainely we doe ſpend,
That as a day it commeth to an end.
The morning of our life is childiſh youth,
The noone time is our Manhood at full growth;
The evening of our Life is froward Age,
And thus we walke on in our Pilgrimage;
The dawning of our life we waſte like Boyes,
In fooliſh vanities and Idle toyes;
The middle of our age, our ſtrength and might,
Wee ſhould enforce to ſerve God day and night:
That ſo at laſt, when this lifes day ſhall ceaſe,
Wee in the Earths cold Bed may ſleepe in peace;
Thus fatall ſiſters three take daily paine
To ſpin, to weave, and cut mans life in Twaine,
Kind hearted Clotho, ſpins mans life to ſtrength;
Diſcreete *Lacheſis* weaves its bredth and length,
And cruell *Atropos* with her ſharpe knife,
Doth cut the Thred of his Age loathed life;
Loe thus, this life is but a ſummer flower:
Springs up, ſpreds bravely, and ſheds in an houre;
And *Proteus*-like we oft doe ſhift our ſhapes
From Kids to Goates, from Goates to wrinckled Apes;
For Mans life's water clos'd in Brittle Glaſſe;
Sin brought in death, and death as he doth paſſe,
Survayes this water weakly wal'd about,
Then breakes the Glaſſe, ſo runnes the water out;

Oh that I could be like the glorious Sun,
Who doth rejoyce his lightſome Race to run,
And ſhineth brighter to the perfect day:
Then ſhould I likewiſe in a vertuous way
Begin, and in the ſame ſtill perſevere;
Thus ſhould I ſpend the day, the weeke, and yeare.

Of the Morning Light.

FIrſt in the morning when I ope mine eye,
If it be light, me thinkes I doe eſpie
A glimps of Glory: But if darkſome night
Be not orepaſt, then doe I cloſe my ſight,
And muſing thinke of that eternall horrour,
Where is no comfort, but diſmaying terrour;
Then doe I muſe on the materiall lights
That God prepared hath to helpe our ſights;
The Sun, the Moone, the Starres and twinkling T:
That men invent which vaniſh into vapours;
And with theſe Temp'rall lights, mee-thinks I ſee
That ſpirituall light hath great Affinity,
And this Spirituall light's Illumination
From Divine knowledge by Gods Inſpiration,
The heathens knowledge is much like the light,
That men doe make to helpe their darkned ſight,
Whereby they know there is a God, that hee
Doth puniſh vice, Crownes thoſe that vertuous bee
The Jewes light's the Divine and holy Law,
Which as the ſages ſtar their hearts might draw
And drive to Chriſt, whom they doe daily ſee
In Types and figures ſhaddowed to be;
The Papiſts Knowledge is moſt like the Moone,
Which they doe borrow from the Goſpells Sun.
But Truth's ſo wrapped in blind errours lap,
As clouds their light and ſhewes their hard miſhap;

But knowledge in our Land is like the rayes
Of the bright Sun which ſhineth at noone dayes,
Free'd from all foggs and myſts of Errours vaine,
And unto all men open cleare and plaine.
Oh what confuſed horrour dread and feare,
Should wee in our diſtreſſed bodies beare,
If but depriv'd of light for a few dayes;
Wherefore we have great cauſe to give God praiſe,
Not onely for this temp'rall changing light,
But much more for the glorious Goſpells ſight.

Of Vp-riſing.

When I doe heare the dauntleſſe watchfull Cock,
And that ſame Bell which rings at five a clock,
There comes into my mind, the fearefull call
Of the laſt Trump, which then ſhall ſummon all
Man-kind to riſe out of the earths cold Bed;
And when that when I doe reare my drowzie head,
I muſing thinke of the moſt glorious ſight
Of Saints and Angels in the Celeſtiall light;
Oh Lord (I pray) Grant I may dayly riſe
From ſins loath'd Bed, and foule impieties,
That I may walke as a Child of the day,
In vertuous light and in a pious way,
That at the laſt, when this fraile fleſh ſhall be
Diſrobed of corruption, and ſet free
From Paſſions thrall, which now in mee are bred,
I may with joy lift up my troubled head,
And in a moment, in celeſtiall light,
Behold the luſtre, and the glorious ſight
Of our good God, who is in perſons three,
And yet in Eſſence but one God is hee;

Who

Of putting on Apparell.

WHen I array my ſelfe, then doe I muſe,
How in a ſpirituall habit, I ſhould uſe
To deck and cloth my ſelfe, ſo, every day
That I might never feare the fatall fray,
Of the worlds Baites, and the fraile fleſhes Charmes,
Which may allure and bring me in the Armes
Of Satans power, who doth daily ſeeke
Me to devoure; that am both poore and weake;
Firſt on my hirt I ſhould faſt fix the Love
Of God and holy things that are above,
Then ſhould I gird my Loynes with truths ſure cord
Which I muſt gather from Gods holy word:
Then ſhould I arme my Breaſt in warlike ſtate,
With righteous life, as with an Iron plate,
And on my head I ſhould keepe ſure and faſt
Salvation, as a Helme that ay will laſt;
And for the feet of my corrupt affections,
I ſhould have ſhooes of ſuch Divine directions,
As in the ſacred Goſpell written are,
My wayes in Piety thus to prepare:
Then with good workes, take up the ſhield of faith,
Which will (as the moſt holy Scripture ſaith)
Blunt, dull, and beat back all the firy Darts
Of Satans malice, whoſe aime's at the harts
Of poore weake Men: thus ſhould I armed bee
Againſt that wrathfull watchfull enemy.
If that I were thus armed ſtrong before,
And yet behind were naked thin and poore,
I thought that I might wounded be behind,
But to prevent this I ſhould bend my mind,
To be as watchfull with a reſtleſſe eye,
As my foe's carefull, quick to ſee and ſpie,

Both where and how he layes his trecherous traynes,
That ſo I might fruſtrate his too great paines,
By taking in my hand the two edg'd Sword,
Of Gods keene-cutting and ſharpe-piercing word,
And therewith cutting off this *Hidrae's* head,
Which not (ſo) pruned would ſo hugely ſpread,
That almoſt no reſiſtance could be found,
To bring this great *Goliah* to the ground;
If I could dayly thus my ſelfe adorne,
And in this habit, dreſſe me every morne;
Then ſhould I neither dread the cold nor heat,
Of chilling Poverty, or fiery threat
Of wrathfull Tyrants, neither would I feare,
Sin, death or hell o're me ſhould dominere;
But I ſhould alwayes be in bliſſefull plight,
Well Cloth'd and healthfull as a Child of light;
Oh Lord (I pray thee) Cloth me with thy ſpirit,
That I may neither feare cold Winters night,
Nor Summers heat: ſo let me ever be
Clothed with Chriſt; my wedding garment's hee.

Of Mans Labour.

AS I doe walke abroad, my mind's at ſtrife,
To ſee how all men, in this mortall life,
Take care and travell to prolong their dayes,
Upon the earth by many ſeverall wayes,
And how Artificers with nimble wit
A hundred Rarities compoſe and fit
For ſev'rall uſes, how the husbandman
Doth plough and ſow, and Reape, and threſh, & fan;
Moſt like the Ant in Summers ſcorching heat,
Who labours hardly for his Winters meat:
Another he tugs hard againſt the tide,
His laden veſſell longſt a Rivers ſide;

The

The Merchant he doth take great care and paines,
To venture farre, and ſometimes gets ſmall gaines;
The Trades-man in his darke ſhop puts to ſale,
His broken wares with many a fained Tale:
And preachers they doe cry to beat downe ſin,
Till they be hoarſe, and little good they win;
The Magiſtrate ſhould ſtrive with all his might
The guilty to adjudge, he wrong'd to right:
The Scholar he doth ſet his Braines and wit
To get ſome knowledge, though ſmall benefit;
And thus each man in his peculiar way
Is troubled and incombred every day,
To get proviſion for this brittle life,
Although ſometimes with envy and much ſtrife;
Oh happy then are they who now are dead!
From all theſe troubles they are ever free'd,
Yet by this ſame I can moſt plainely ſee
What Portion *Adam* left poſteritie,
That by hard labour and their bodies ſweat,
They all muſt labour to procure their meat.
And he that doth not thus for his provide,
It is not fit on earth he ſhould abide,
But like a careleſſe Idle ſlouthfull droane,
Out of the *Hive* It's fit he ſhould be throwne:
For why ſhould he of the ſweet Honey eat,
That the poore Bee with labour hard did get;
If wee doe (as wee ſhould) take ſuch great paine
To prop, preſerve this life, that's fraile and vaine;
Oh how ſhould wee then put our ſelves to taske
To get and gaine that life, which ay will laſt!
If for our bodies health wee oft will ſpare
Our moſt delicious and delightfull fare,
Shall wee for our Soules health grudge or repine
To faſt from ſinne or elſe refuſe to dine?
If for our profit we the paines thinke ſmall
To bend and crouch, to prate, to cry and call;

Shall we thinke much unto the Lord to pray
With hearty voyce and humble mind alway?
If the poore Smith does thinke it no great Toyle,
Over the fire in ſmoake to burne and broyle,
Shall wee, if when the Lord thinkes good to try
Our conſtant faith, in flames refuſe to dye?
Oh Lord, I doe confeſſe my feet are ſlow,
My heeles are heavy, and refuſe to goe
Into thy holy houſe, thy word to heare,
And in my body I ſloths Image beare:
My hands are Idle, and my eyes are lazie:
My heart is dull, my lips to laud thee crazie;
Wherefore (I pray) Infuſe into my minde,
Such heav'nly grace, that I may be inclinde
To labour and take care for heav'nly food,
More then for any fading earthly Good.
So when this life ſhall ceaſe, I may be bleſt,
And live with God in a perpetuall reſt.

Of Eating and Drinking.

IF that our bodyes want due food to eat,
How doe we labour ſtraight to find out meat?
Or if with cruell thirſt we be poſſeſt,
Till we find drinke we cannot be at reſt,
Oh this ſhould teach me after Grace to long,
Which is the Soules Refection to prolong
My ſpirituall life, and never be at reſt,
Till with ſuch meat and drinke my Soul's refreſht;
And when I doe behold the great proviſion,
For earthly Bodies from Gods loving Miſſion,
How that all creatures for our food are ſlaine,
Oh Lord (thinke I) If for this life that's vaine,
There's ſuch proviſion in ſuch ſundry kind,
For life eternall, to refreſh the mind,

There

There's as great plenty and as various ſtore,
Of ſpirituall dainties, If not far much more;
My daily food ſhould be Chriſts holy body,
Which by the mouth of faith I ſwallow wholy,
To ſtrengthen and refreſh my ſinfull minde;
That I may at the laſt true comfort finde;
My drinke ſhould be my Saviours pretious blood,
Which quencheth ſinfull thirſt; & doth much good:
For all my ſins, It would waſh quite away;
Oh this ſhould be my bread and drink all day,
That at the laſt, when as the diſmall night
Of death ſhall come, in heav'n I may ſhine bright:
My Salt ſhould be the ſanctifying Grace,
Of Gods good ſp'rit, which I ſhould ever place,
Upon the Table of a pious hart,
That I therewith may ſeaſon every part
Of all my ſinfull thoughts, my words and deeds,
And every evill luſt which in mee breeds;
Yea this ſhould be the ordinary food
Of my poore ſoule for her eternall good;
But yet at ſeverall times there's ſundry diſhes
Of Beaſts, of Birds, of divers Herbs and fiſhes.
In proſperous ſtate there is the loving Hinde,
Who having eas'd his fellowes goes behinde:
The charitable Storke and temp'rate Swallow,
The loving Prawne and pearle fiſh, they may follow
In this ſame meſſe, to teach men of great might
Gentle ſobriety to doe poore right.
But if Adverſity become our ſtate,
The firſt diſh is a Lambe immaculate,
The patient Sheepe, the gall-leſſe harmleſſe Dove,
In this ſame meſſe ſhould likewiſe have our love.
Th'induſtrious Bee, the nimble painfull Ant,
The milke-white Lilly this meſſe ſhould not want;
And many other things of precious kinde,
Which I can hardly bring into my minde.

And

nd all to teach, that in a cauſe that's good,
is a glorious thing to ſpend our blood,
nd to beare patiently Gods chaſtiſing hand,
ke *Iob* at laſt more ſtrenuouſly to ſtand,
t all times elſe, there is much ſpirituall meate,
r our poore ſoules. But I cannot repeate
ne halfe or quarter of this great variety,
is enough if I can finde ſaciety
the leaſt crum of any heavenly Grace,
hat after I have finiſht this lifes race,
nay in heaven keepe a continuall feaſt
'ith Chriſt my Saviour in eternall reſt.

Of the Night.

HOw ſoone doth darkſome night ſucceed light day;
By this I know I have not long to ſtay
i this fraile life, which doth ſo quickly haſt,
'hat as a day it ſelfe doth ſpend and waſt:
ut what need I to feare deaths gaſtly face,
or I am young, and in a healthfull caſe.
have not yet arrived to high noone,
or I in yeeres am ſcarſly thirty one:
'et what of that? for this ſame very night
iod may bereave mee of to morrowes light:
or cruell death, with his impartiall knife,
)oth cut the thread of mans moſt wretched life,
efore that ten or twenty yeere's expir'd
i this fraile life, whereby I am requir'd
'o take due notice, that ere long may be,
)eaths dart may make as quick diſpatch of me.
ind now becauſe I undertake to write
)f the ſimilitude of darkſome night,
doe deſire of God that I could tell
linde errors paths, and the dread paines of hell,

My ſelfe thereby to warne to take great heed
That in blind errors wayes I may not tread:
For they will lead me to the darke Abyſſe
Of dolefull horror where no comfort is:
And error in its ſelfe's ſo ſmooth a way,
That the beſt falleth in it every day.
It is a maze, which if we once get in
Out of the ſame it's hard to get agin,
And he that in it very often wanders,
Shall finde a troope of crooked ſly Meanders.
But I will bring them into theſe two kindes;
Errors in life, ignorance of mens mindes.
And here at firſt my ſenſes are at ſtrife,
For who can tell the errors of this life?
To ſuch a countleſſe number they doe grow,
That my Arithmeticke them cannot ſhow.
The errors that in my poore ſoule are bred
Doe farre exceed the haires upon my head.
If my ſins riſe to ſuch a ſumme alone,
Who can the totall of all ſins make knowne?
Under ſev'n Captaines they doe march in fight,
Pride, lechery, and envious hatefull ſpite,
Cruell man-killing wrath, beaſtly exceſſe
In meat and drinke, ſloth, greedy cov'touſneſſe.
Theſe are the chiefe wayes: but there's many more
Crooked by-paths that leade men to the dore
Of utter darkeneſſe, for they doe delight
To act their deeds i'th darke, and out of ſight.
So *Hazael*, when he was left alone,
Kild *Benhadad*, that it might not be knowne.
Achan did alſo hide his thieviſh pelfe,
Becauſe that none ſhould know it but himſelfe.
Th' Adulterer waites alſo for twilight,
That he may act his ſinne out of mens ſight.
And the deceiver in his darke ſhop vents
His broken wares, that none knowes his intents.

A

:v'ry ſinner doth ev'n hate the light,
ſe it ſheweth ſinnes deformed ſight.
have here almoſt forgot to write
ndfold ignorance that hates the light:
ıder two ſorts I can briefly ſhow
he likewiſe in croked wayes doth goe.
ne conſtrain'd, the other's wilfull blinde;
heſe I call the errors of the minde:
caſe is pitifull that never heard
ſaving knowledge, but from it debard:
ire unfaithfull Jewes, Turks, Infidels,
e Papiſts, and many rude nations elſe.
ıs yet never ſaw the glorious ſight
ıred Truth, ſhewd in the Goſpell bright.
thers that doe wilfully refuſe,
ire the Jeſuits, and the learned Jewes,
Proteſtants, who like the Iſraelite,
holy Manna greatly ſcorne and ſlight:
e is a woe denounced againſt them,
as 'gainſt *Bethſaida* and *Corazin*.
the day wilde beaſts doe keepe in caves,
ıſe the light ſhould not deſcry their wayes;
n the Night, then doe they hunt and range
their preys, moſt cruell, fierce and ſtrange:
the dawning of the Goſpels light,
ı that Starre *Edward* in this Spheare ſhin'd bright.
murth'rous Papiſts, cruell, fierce and fell,
ves and holes were then conſtrain'd to dwell.
when the Moone began her head to reare,
is bleſt Iſlands glorious Hemiſpheare,
light eclipſed was, and there did ſwarme
ts, like Locuſts, which did doe great harme
Gods Church, by faggots, fiery flame,
ıew in ſmoky darkneſſe they remaine:
ich apparently walke in the darke,
ıſe they greatly doe miſtake the make

Of ſaving Truth, whoſe path-wayes are moſt brigh
But here I muſt remember now to write
Of that ſame darkneſſe which for ay doth dwell
In that moſt horrid dolefull place call'd hell.
And 'tis no wonder, though I feare to ſhow
What horror in that darke Abyſſe doth grow:
For thought thereof doth make my heart to ake,
My body tremble, and my hand to ſhake:
Beſides, it paſſeth all that I can thinke,
How ſhall I ſhew it then with Pen and Inke?
For I am weake in judgement, ſicke in braine,
Then why ſhould I adventure ſo in vaine
To deſcribe that no man can well expreſſe,
Though ne'r ſo learned, yet nevertheleſſe
By ſome conjectures learned men can tell
What horrid darkneſſe is in that ſame Cell.
And what from Gods Words literate men have ſho
I will not feare in this place to make knowne.
Firſt I will write of the great cauſe of feare,
Then of the puniſhments that are uſed there,
Beſides the Majeſty of God offended,
The mercy we receive, and have miſpended,
The long forbearance of his wrathfull ſtroke,
Should unto godly feare our hearts provoke,
Feare to offend him by our grievous crimes,
Feare to diſpleaſe him in all place and times:
The very darkneſſe which is in that place
Would in dread horror ev'n confound our face:
For if the ſtouteſt man ſhould be alone,
Naked and bare in a darke place unknowne,
And there ſhould heare the noyſe of ugly ſp'rits,
Hiſſings of Serpents, and the diſmall ſights
Of tortured ſoules, would he not quake and feare,
Although no ſtripes he on himſelfe did beare?
And ſuch thicke darkneſſe was the Egyptians nigh
Who in three dayes could not deſcry the light.

But now to be tormented in the darke,
It's paſt expreſſion, Pray ſit downe and marke.
Oh! wretched man, come, ſit thee downe by me,
Thinke with my thoughts, and ſee what I doe ſee;
As *Balaam* ſhew'd to *Balack Iſacks* race,
So will I ſhew thee the moſt damned trace
Of helliſh torments from the learned fables
Of Poets old, yet take them not for bables.
For I doe hope in thee and me 'twill breed
Such godly feare, that ſo we may take heed
To ſhun thoſe wayes that lead us to the place
Wher's utter darkneſſe, and no light of Grace.
Methinks I ſee grim *Pluto* calls his Court,
With *Proſerpine* he ſits in dreadfull ſort
Upon a chaire of fire, in ugly forme,
As blacke as hell, yet was a Starre o'th morne:
Then I ſee *Cerberus* that triple dog
Who ſeemes more terrible than *Gogmagog*:
'Then after him from fiery *Phlegeton*
'Comes *Alecto*, *Meger*', and *Teſiphon*.
'Oh then what heare I? wondrous thundring blowes,
'Alas, what yells, what howles what diſmall ſhowes?
'There Eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
'The drowſie night her deepe darke horrors doubled,
'And ſuddenly *Avernus* gulfe did ſwim
'With Roſin, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,
'And ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell,
'*Hidraes* and *Harpies* 'gan to yawne and yell,
'One lifting's lungs, hiſſes, and barkes and brayes;
'This howles, that yels, another roares and neighs.
'Such a blacke ſong, ſuch a confuſed ſound
'From many-headed bodies doth rebound,
'Like Guns aſtuns, with round round-rumbling thunder,
'Filling the ayre with noyſe, the earth with wonder.
Till at the laſt, pawſing a while they ſtaid,
And ſuddenly with great confuſion made

A flight at man, all at inteſtine ſtrife,
Who might moſt torture his deteſted life.
Then at command of *Pluto's* dreadfull call
Each one unto his worke did quickly fall,
And then I ſaw proud *Icarus* tumbled downe,
Under fiends feete that wrought above the crowne,
And all becauſe he thought to ſore on high,
His waxen wings were cut, and he did ly
Deſpis'd, contemn'd, diſhonour'd and diſgrac'd,
Although on earth he was ſo highly plac'd.
See drunken *Tantalus* doth rore for thirſt,
Yet to his chin in water ſo accurſt
He lies and howles, and cannot get a taſt
And dying lives, yet's dying life doth laſt.
See how the Glutton cryes, and longs for meate,
Yet *Sodom's* Apples he doth daily eate.
It ſeemes they doe not fill his hungry maw,
But looke, I pray, ſee how that beaſt doth gnaw
Upon the envious wretch, ſee how his heart
Is eaten by the Viper, and each part
Of all his body is ſo thin and bare,
Nothing but skin and bones upon him are.
See how that lazie ſlave doth turne the wheele,
And yet that ugly fiend doth make him feele
The ſmarting laſhes of his knotty whip,
Which makes his hands to worke, his legs to skip.
But ſee the lecherous man ev'n ſhake for cold,
And yet in flames of fire I him behold.
Oh horrid torment! never yet deſcryde
That one ſhould frieze by ſuch a fire ſide.
The covetous wretch I ſaw cramm'd to the full
Of burning brimſtone. Oh 'tis wonderfull
To marke how he is paid in the ſame coyne
That did oppreſſe the weake, the poore purloyne.
But harke, what heare I? doleful ſhrikes and cryes
Of him that's alway's kild, yet never dies.

Its ſtrange (me thinkes) ſo many dangerous darts
Should not deſtroy their bloody murth'rous hearts:
But 'tis not ſtrange, for the great God above
to ſhew his juſtice and expreſſe his love,
To chuſe a place as well for to torment
The wilfull ſinner and impenitent,
As to prepare a place of heav'nly ſtate,
For his deare friends that are regenerate.
If then the Lord himſelfe ſhall goe to reare
A place of torments, who ſhall that declare?
For if when God made fire for our delight,
It is ſo fierce, there's none would if he might
Gaine a whole Kingdome, hold his hand therein,
But for one houre. Oh then, what paine is in
The fire of hell! To which if I compare
The fire we have, it ſeemes but painted ayre:
Ours is for comfort, that is to torment;
Ours muſt be fed, elſe of it ſelfe it's ſpent;
That needs no fuell, but doth burne for ay:
Ours giveth light, and ſhines as bright as day,
That's alwayes darke, and is in its right place;
Ours ever ſhifts, and doth aſcend apace:
Ours doth conſume and rids quicke out of paine,
That conſumes not; once there, ne'r out againe:
Our's ſoone extinct; that never doth abate
His heat, And yet (as I did ſhow of late,
And as Chriſt ſaith) they ſhall gnaſh teeth and ſhake,
For very cold will make their bones to quake.
And as that fire is of ſuch wondrous might,
So doth that darkneſſe farre exceed our night.
Now could I ſhew the univerſall paines,
And all th'eternall torture there remaines,
How *Cerberus* doth ſtrongly keepe hels dore;
That none comes out, but may come in the more,
And how that *Charon* with dread horrid grim
Over the Stigian lake his boat makes ſwim

Fild full of soules whom he hath got off shore,
O'r Sulphry Stix and makes them cry and rore;
I should but all this while shew paine of sense,
But there's great dammage in lost excellence,
Which is as great (as learned men doe show)
As paine of sense. But yet I doe not know
How to describe the losse of that blest sight
Of Gods bright glory in celestiall light.
At thought whereof the damned have a worme
Which on their conscience gnawes and makes them
And when they thinke of that same heavenly light
That they have lost, this worme doth give a bite
Which causeth them to teare their flesh and haire,
And if they could, themselves in pieces teare.
Then doe they wish for mountaines, hills and rocks
To fall upon them, with such pondrous knocks,
That they might kill them; which when they deny,
They doe begin to howle, lament and cry,
And marvell, saying, what hath our pride got?
What profit hath glory of riches brought?
How easily might we have scap'd this place
By living well, and seeking helpe of grace?
Oh! if on earth we now could live againe,
We would feare God alone, and count as vaine
All other things in the vast worlds round ball,
And Gods bright glory should be all in all.
And thus they do repent without amends,
And still their paine begins, and never ends;
Then cease your talke of *Pluto's* darksome den,
That's but the idle fantasie of men,
But this is true, which in Gods word is showne,
That hellish paines to mortall man's not knowne,
Yet I doe wonder, that such learned skill
Should so divinely drop from heathens quill:
For as in *Pluto's* cave they well have showne,
Hels torments, as in Scripture is made knowne,

So heavenly bliſſe in *Iupiters* high court,
And in *Elizium* fields they make report
In their prophaneſt fabled hiſtories,
By *Hercules* they ſhew Chriſts victories,
Long before Chriſt was borne, which makes me muſe
That they ſhould know almoſt as much as Jewes,
Who were Gods choſen; but where doe I goe?
This in ſome other place I meane to ſhow.
And now, that I am thus come out of hell,
Safe and unhurt from all thoſe furies fell,
In the laſt place I did intend to write
Of the great benefits we have by night.
But my dull Muſe grew barren, thin and bare,
I therefore borowed his whoſe fruits are rare.
'The night to temper dayes exceeding drought,
'Moyſtens our ayre, and makes our earth to ſprout.
'The night is ſhe that all our travels eaſeth,
'Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaſeth.
'The night is ſhe, that (with her ſable wing,
'In gloomy darkneſſe huſhing every thing)
'Through all the world dumb ſilence doth diſtill,
'And wearyed bones with quiet ſleepe doth fill.
'Sweet night, without thee, without thee (alas!)
'Our life were loathſome, even a hell to paſſe:
'For outward paines and inward paſſions ſtill,
'With thouſand deaths, would ſoule and body kill.
'Oh Night! thou pulleſt the proud maske away,
'Wherewith vaine actors in this worlds great play,
'By day diſguiſe them, for no difference,
'Night makes betweene the Peaſant and the Prince,
'The poore, the rich, the Priſoner and the Judge,
'The foule and faire, the Maſter and the drudge,
'The foole and wiſe, Barbarian and the Greeke;
'For Night's black Mantle covers all alike;
'He that, condemn'd for ſome notorious vice,
'Seekes in the Mines the Baites of Avarice;

'Or, ſwelting at the furnace, fineth bright,
'Our Soules dire ſulphur, reſteth yet at night:
'Hee that ſtill ſtooping tugges againſt the Tide
'His laden barge alongſt a Rivers ſide,
'And filling ſhoares with ſhouts, doth melt him quite,
'Upon his Pallat reſteth yet at night;
'He that in Summer, in extreameſt heat,
'Scorched all day in his owne ſcalding ſweat,
'Shaves with keene Syth, the glory and delight
'Of motly Meddowes, reſteth yet at night,
'And in the Armes of his deare Pheere forgoes
'All former troubles and all former woes;
'Onely the learned Siſters ſacred Minions,
'While ſilent night under her ſable Pinions,
'Folds all the world, with painleſſe paine they tread
'A ſacred path, that to the heav'ns doth lead;
'And higher then the heav'ns their Readers raiſe
'Upon the wings of their immortall layes.
And now (me thinks) I heare the clock doth chime,
Which doth informe me that it is high time,
Mee to uncloth and ſo to goe to bed,
For this dayes worke hath troubled my weak head.

Of unclothing.

HOw vaine a thing it is to vant in Pride,
Of brave Apparell, may be quickly tride:
For had old *Adam* never fallen from Bliſſe,
Of uſe of Cloaths wee nere had had much miſſe:
And he deviſ'd but leaves to hide the ſhame,
Which on himſelfe by his foule folly came:
And God himſelfe when hee did undertake
Some brave apparell for poore man to make,
To hide his ſhame, his liv'ry was but skin,
Of ſome poore beaſt, this *Adams* ſin did win.

Wherel

:refore the man that of brave Cloths is proud,
h as a Begger with a voyce moſt loud,
oll and magnifie his Rotten Rags,
ch hide his ſores, and ſet them forth as flaggs
all to gaze at, and to wonder why
ſhould ſet out his ſtincking Bravery.
:refore the Godly alwayes did not care,
it Clothes upon their bodies they did beare;
: would keepe them from the heat and cold,
y were content, and I doe read of old,
Saints Appatell, they arrayed were,
made of Goats skin, and of Cammells haire.
men are now ſo curious for their back,
:y'll Rob and ſpoyle all creatures ere they'll lack:
n one they'll take his wooll to make them cloth,
n others skin and fur; nay they're not loath,
take the Excrements of the poore worme,
ch they into brave Silke and Sattin turne,
n doe they begge of fiſh, Pearle for the Neck,
l find in Sea-ſands pretious ſtones to deck
ir finfull bodies, then they take great paines
Digg and delve in Earth for Golden gaines;
l when they have this borrowed Treaſure got,
ut the ſtreets they jet, and friſk, and trot,
oking others thus to looke on them,
ming themſelves better than other men.
greater folly than this is not knowne,
one to boaſt of that is not his owne.
thus have I too oft done, and was glad
n I brave Cloths upon my body had;
refore I'll now put off this Pedlers pack,
ch all this day hath burden'd thus my back;
ld I as quickly put off my foule ſin,
l in new Robes of Grace my Soule put in,
: can caſt theſe filthy Rags aſide,
t from mens eyes my ſinfull ſhame doth hide,

Then

Then ſhould I be receiv'd a welcome Gheſt,
Of Chriſt my Saviour, to his glorious feaſt,
Where Angells, Patriarkes and Prophets old,
Apoſtles, Martyrs, and the Saints doe hold,
A feaſt of Joy, thus ſhould I then be bleſt,
In Robes of Glory in eternall Reſt.

Of Sleepe.

SLeepe is the Image and Picture of Death,
In which wee ſeeme ſenceleſſe and voyd of breath;
The Bed ſeemes as the Grave in which we lay
Our bodyes mould which turnes to duſt and Clay;
And to the Saints death's truly but a ſleepe,
That doth refreſh their minds and ſafely keepe,
Their wearyed Soules, which when they were awake
I meane alive very great paines did take,
To ſerve the Lord, for which they hated were,
By wicked men, who bended all their care,
To perſecute, oppreſſe, and doe them wrong,
Therefore they doe greatly deſire and long,
To be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt,
In whom their joy and quiet doth conſiſt;
Beſides Chriſt warmed hath the earths cold bed
For his beloved, when he laid his head
To reſt three dayes therein, and hath oft cald
Death but a ſleepe, once to a Jew enthrall'd
Foure dayes in grave: then did he groan and weepe,
And ſaid, friend *Lazarus* doth ſweetly ſleepe;
And of the Ruler *Iayrus* his dead daughter,
He ſaid ſhee ſlept, which moved ſome to laughter,
And holy Martyres went as cheerefully,
To take their death, as in Roſe beds to ly,
Becauſe they knew death to be but a ſleepe,
Which doth refreſh their Soules, and bodies keepe

Safe

and unhurt unto that glorious day,
:n they ſhall riſe to live with Chriſt for ay;
unto wicked men, death is a Terrour,
ch to remember, fills their Soules with horrour;
ıen the thought of death their minds affright,
v will they be amaz'd to feele his might,
:n he doth ſtrike them with his deadly Dart,
v loth will then the Soule from body part,
auſe like friends they liv'd on Earth in Joy,
l clad, well fed, and felt not much annoy;
w if a man to mortifie one part
ıis weake body, In ſuch deadly ſmart
ut unto, that makes him groane and cry,
then what will be the great miſery,
him to ſuffer, when through every limb
feeles deaths pangs fiercely aſſayling him!
t from extreame parts, Fingers, Feet, and Toes,
:n Leggs and Armes, and ſo in order goes
:ough every Joynt, Veine, Muſcle, Sinew, Bone,
l at the heart it reſts, and there alone,
ike a beſiedged Prince) his Soule lookes out,
helpe of friends, whom ſhee did little doubt;
uld ſo forſake her, in her extreame need,
wit, Youth, Phyſick, helpleſſe friends indeed:
:n doth ſhe greatly feare tremble and quake,
ıecting hourely, when the fiend will take
wretched ſelfe: And then when ſhee doth ſee
: flattring Doctor parted with his fee,
: weeping of his wife, the loſſe of all,
ells and brave apparell, that's not ſmall,
eſe and vexation to his wretched mind,
ıt all his wealth he ſo muſt leave behind,
ich hee did gather with ſuch griefe and care,
ſerve the Lord he had no time to ſpare:
d laſtly, now to thinke what will become,
Soule and body, how the noyſome worme,

Serpents and Vermin ſhall take for their food,
That dainty body which he thought too good,
To tread on earth or to come in the aire,
This will almoſt drive him into deſpaire;
But when he thinks his Soule muſt come before
Hearts ſearching Judge, and when he ſees the ſcore,
Of his great ſins, which his own conſcience ſhowes,
And hath not where to pay, for well hee knowes,
He did not ſhow his faith by living well,
And therefore doth deſerve nothing but hell:
Which when the Soule doth thinke on, ſlaviſh feare,
In wicked men doe bring them to deſpaire,
Which cauſeth them to fret, to howle, and cry,
To thinke how bliſſe they loſt, in hell they'll lye
For evermore, in torments paſt expreſſion:
But all this while I have made a digreſſion,
From what I did intend at firſt to write;
It ſeemes I am miſled by darkſome night,
Of bad mens deaths, in which they cannot ſleepe,
For helliſh fiends their Soules awake doe keepe;
Therefore I'll pray to God, that he may keepe
My Soule and body, ſo that I may ſleepe
In reſt and peace, in bed as in my grave,
And that in Mercy hee would freely ſave,
Both Soule and body to that bleſſed day
Of reſurrection, that in heav'n alway
I may with Saints and Angells ſhine as bright,
As doth the Sun, and praiſe God day and night.

Of the weeke.

THe wiſedome of the Lord did firſt compoſe,
The week into ſeav'n dayes, as *Moſes* ſhowes,
Thereby to teach us how to ſpend our time,
In Meditation of his workes divine.

And in three weekes God hath his great workes ſhowne,
The firſt is of the worlds creation,
In which the power and might of God appeares;
The next is preſervation in the yeares,
And ages ſince, till this ſame very houre,
And the third weeke doth ſhow his love and power,
In the Redemption of all-fallen mankind.
But I am weake in body, dull in minde,
So that not one of theſe I can declare,
As is befitting, for the beſt that are
May come farre ſhort in ſuch a ſacred theame:
Therefore I onely doe intend and meane,
To ſhew each ſev'rall dayes denomination,
And therein touch the workes of Gods creation.
And in this place I now will briefely ſpeake,
Of mans fraile life, in *Davids* generall weeke;
For he divides the life of Mortall men,
Into ſev'n parts, till threeſcore yeares and ten;
And therein I will ſhow how pretious time
Is vainely ſpent, each age in one ſhort Rime.
The firſt tenne yeares man is a harmleſſe child,
And as a Lamb his life is meeke and milde;
But after that (Goat-like) he skips and Joyes,
In fooliſh vanities and Idle toyes,
And ſo till thirty man's an untam'd Colt,
Heady, and from all goodnes doth revolt;
And untill forty hee's a ſturdy Bull,
His limbes are ſtrong, with blood his veines are full,
But after that, his courage will not faile;
For as a Lyon then he will prevaile:
And then at fifty hee's a crafty Fox,
And Lawyer-like gets money in his Box.
And ſo till ſev'nty by Induſtrious paines,
Woolfe-like hee's greedy to increaſe his gaines;
But after that he feeles his bones to tire,
Therefore much like the Dog he loves the fire,

And keeps at home like to the wyly Cat,
Where he delights to ſit, to prate and chat;
Thus doth the Carnall man waſte his lifes weeke,
And ſeldome doth after true Riches ſeeke;
I meane the wealth, which beyond Age will laſt,
And ſtill endure after this life is paſt:
Therefore the Sages, That did firſt ordaine
And gave unto each day It's ſeverall name,
Did well at firſt the nimbleſt Planet place,
And laſt of all that of the ſloweſt race,
To ſhew that man in youthfull blithfull plighe
In Grace and vertue ſhould take moſt delight:
For painfull age cannot ſo well hold out
As luſty youth, yet ſtill ſhould goe about,
In vertues race, and not out of it ſtart,
Till death doth ſtrike him with his deadly dart;
Therefore I'll pray, that with the glorious ſun,
I may rejoyce in vertues Race to run,
And with old Saturne therein perſevere,
So ſhould I well conclude the weeke and yeare.

Sunday or Dies Dominicus.

IN the Beginning and the Birth of time,
God made his glory and his power to ſhine,
In framing of the earth and heavens bright,
And the firſt day, God did create the light;
'Before which time, there was a confus'd heape,
'A formeleſſe *Chaos* did together keepe,
'A gulfe of gulfes, a body ill compaſt,
'An ugly medley, where all difference lackt:
'Where th' elements lay jumbled altogether,
'Where hot and cold were jarring each with either;
'The blunt with ſharpe, the danke againſt the dry,
'*The hard with* ſoft, the baſe againſt the high;

'All

il all was voyd of beuty, rule and light,
l without faſhion, ſoule and motion quite.
:e was no fire, the water was no water,
ire was no ayre, the earth no earthly matter.
his was not then the world: 'twas but the matter,
ie Nurcery whence it ſhould iſſue after;
Gods great power did keep this darkſome maſſe,
d on the waters did his ſpirit paſſe.
id he no ſooner ſaid, *Be light*, but loe
ie formleſſe lump to perfect forme 'gan grow:
nd all illuſtred with lights radiant ſhine,
oft mourning weeds, and deckt it paſſing fine.
l hail, pure lamp, bright, ſacred, and excelling
rrow and care, darkneſſe and dread repelling:
iou worlds great Taper, wicked mens juſt terror,
other of Truth, true beauties onely mirror,
ods eldeſt daughter, Oh! how thou art full
f grace and goodneſſe? Oh! how beautifull;
h thy great Parent's all-diſcerning eye
oth judge thee ſo: and ſith his Majeſty
he glorious maker) in his ſacred layes,
in doe no leſſe than ſound thy modeſt praiſe.
it yet, becauſe all pleaſures wax unpleaſant,
without pauſe we ſtill poſſeſſe them, preſent;
nd none can right diſcerne the ſweets of peace,
hat have not felt wars irkſome bitterneſſe;
nd Swans ſeeme whiter, if ſwart Crowes be by,
'or contraries each other beſt deſcry.)
h'Alls Architect, alternately decreed,
hat Night the Day, the Day ſhould Night ſucceed:
morne and evening the firſt day conclude,
nd God perceiv'd that all his works were good.
erefore the learned, that each day did name
he whole weekes (as I conceive) did aime
the great works of God in the creation,
d ſo according ſet the Planets ſtation.

For, first they set the Sunne bright *Phœbus* high,
Who is the fountaine and the spring of light.
Also the Pots call him by the name
Of bright *Apollo*, whose illustrious fame
Was very great, he was he sonne of *Iove*,
He and *Diana* (his deare sister) strove
Within the Matrix of *Latona* faire,
And these two dayes and nights directors are:
Apollo for his skill in Poetry,
Physicke and Musique and Divinity
Was honour'd as a god by heathen men,
Such was the ignorance of those times then.
But why that others call *Sol* burning hot
Flaming bright *Tytan*, my weake judgement's not
Able to shew; but sure his mighty power
His names doe shew, ev'n every day and houre.
He governes Princes, and great men of state,
And is the Planet that's most fortunate.
He is the dayes bright eye and heart of heav'n,
For God plac'd him in midst of Planets sev'n,
And in three hundred threescore daies and five,
Doth to the period of his race arrive:
By him we measure out to us and ours,
Yeeres, ages, seasons, moneths, dayes, minutes, houres,
And therefore well plac'd in the front of time,
But I have him eclips'd in this rude rime.
Therefore I'll now conclude, lest *Phaëton* like
For taking such a taske great *Iove* may strike
Me in his wrath: therefore I'll hast away,
And speake a little of the Lords blest Day.
Me thinkes, none should make it a scruple, why
We disagree from Jewes solemnity
In keeping of the sacred Sabbath Day:
They're in the old, and we in a new way:
They have the old Law, and we have the new,
For state of Christians differs from the Jew.

are paſt, and new are come in place,
ſhould we follow the Jewiſh race?
ır Saviour is the Lord of dayes,
ore for his meritorious praiſe
he ſhould a day ordaine
) and his ſtatutes to maintaine:
world each Prince his ſubjects drawes
)re, for ſtill *New Lords new Lawes.*
v Sacraments, new Heav'n, new Earth,
mem, and Sabbath Day ſets forth,
) differ from the Levites law,
morall We ſtill ſtand in aw.
hat ſhadowes now are paſt away,
)m death their ſubſtance roſe this day:
e ceremonies of the Jewes
yet on this day we alwayes uſe
m labour, and vaine idle ſport,
Lords Houſe we ſhould oft reſort,
to heare Gods Word divinely taught
men, and alſo as we ought:
hould pray, and ſing with hearty cheare,
ſome doe, ſleepe when they ſhould heare.
Sermon we ſhould call to minde,
inſtruction we therein did finde,
)arts, what doctrines, and what uſes
thereof, to checke the groſſe abuſes
'aile nature, and the conſolation
ı doth need to ſtabliſh his ſalvation.
hus the Lords Day ſanctifie,
; thus to heare, ſing, pray purely,
: Lord ſet my whole minde and heart,
iis day he might not from me part;
ıs the Sunne begin to ſhine,
h to old age in all works divine;
ſo diſtinguiſh and divide
rs wayes from truths bright paths well try'd.

And well approv'd of God, and all good men,
For graces ſplendor I might ſhun the den
Of utter darkneſſe: then I ſhould be bleſt,
And keepe a Sabbath in eternall reſt.

Munday, or *dies Lunæ.*

THe next day after God had made the light,
He ſpread heav'ns curtaines glorious in our ſigh
'*That Huge* broad length, that long broad height proſt
'Th'infinite finite, that great moundleſſe Mound,
'I meane that *Chaos*, that ſelfe-jarring Maſſe,
'Which in a moment made of nothing was,
'Was the rich matter and the matrix, whence
'The heav'ns ſhould iſſue, and the elements.
'Now, th' elements, two twins (two ſons, two daugh
'To wit, the fire, the ayre, the earth and waters,
'Are not *compounded*; but of them is all
'Compounded firſt, that in our ſenſe can fall:
There's no materiall ſubſtance but doth beare
Within it ſelfe fire, water, earth and ayre.
And God to each his place hath well aſſign'd
According to its nature, breed and kind.
'Earth as the lees, and heavieſt droſſe of all
'(After his kind) did to the bottome fall:
'Contrarywiſe, the light and nimble fire
'Did through the crannies of th'old heap aſpire
'Unto the top; and by his nature, light
'No leſſe than hot, mounted in ſparks upright;
'But leſt the fire (which all the reſt imbraces)
'Being too neer, ſhould burne the earth to aſhes;
'As choſen Umpires, the great All-creator,
'Betweene theſe foes placed the ayre and water:
'For one ſuffic'd not their ſterne ſtrife to end,
'*Water, as* couſin did the earth befriend.

'Ayre, for his kinſman fire, as firmly deales:
'But both uniting their divided zeales,
'Tooke up the matter, and appeas'd the brall,
'Which doubtleſſe elſe had diſcreated all.
The ayre, as moderne, and the elder Sages,
Have fitly parted it into three ſtages.
The upper's ſeated next the fiery vault,
And by the learned very hot is thought:
That which we touch with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and ſometimes temperate.
But middle Region's far from fire ſet,
And therefore very cold, and little heat.
In ayrie clouds God bottles up the raine,
Which gratifies the Ploughmans toyle and paine:
The ayre ingenders milke white ſnow and haile,
Miſt, dew and yce, in ſeaſon will not faile,
In divers vapours their effects are ſtrange,
But in the ayre they keepe a conſtant range.
For in the Summer of a ſev'rall kinde
They doe produce Frogs, Toads, and the ſwift wind,
Whoſe whisking beeſome doth bruſh cleane and ſweepe
The cloudy curtaines of heav'ns ſtages ſteepe,
And ſometimes they doe make the earth to rocke,
To ſhake and tremble like a weather-cocke.
And when I doe conſider lightnings flaſh,
Its rare effects my ſenſe in pieces daſh.
A man was once going out of his dore,
He ſaw a fire paſſing him before,
Which he did follow, to ſee where 'twould goe;
But he will ne'r truſt *Ignis fatuus* ſo,
For he had like ſo far to loſe his way,
That he could hardly finde it the next day.
When I doe ſometimes looke into the skies,
Me thinkes I ſee a hundred prodigies,
Compos'd of exhalations in the ayre,
But the true cauſe thereof none can declare,

Though by nice will, and deepe conceited ſtraines,
They give a gheſſe, but 'tis not worth their paines;
For the great God of heav'n ſometimes delights
From top to toe, to alter natures rites,
That his ſtrange workes to nature contrary
May be fore-runners of ſome miſery:
Such are the blazing Comets, fiery ſtar,
That threaten earth with famine, plague and war,
Three Suns, three Moones at once, green blew gilt bow,
Gods judgements and his mercies forth to ſhow.
But I almoſt forget the firmament,
Although it was the chiefe of my intent,
Their number and their nature here to ſhow,
And how their whirling Orbs about doe goe.
Yet of their number many a writer varies,
Yet moſt agree, that there a ten round ſtories.
In ſeverall Orbs they place the Planets ſev'n
After the fixed Stars and Chriſt'lin heav'n.
Laſtly, the higheſt Orbe of all the rout
Is the firſt mover, which whirles all about.
But there is none that can relate the ſolace,
Or boundleſſe vaſtneſſe of th'Imperiall Palace,
'Where life ſtill lives, where God his Sifes holds,
'Inviron'd round with Seraphins and Soules,
'Bought with Chriſts pretious blood, whoſe glorious light
'Yet mounted earth above the heav'ns bright.
Neither doe I know rightly how to write
What waters are above the heav'ns bright:
For I (too bold) will not aske how, or why
God placed water ſo exceeding high.
I muſt believe it for Gods Word doth ſhow,
Above the heavens God made waters flow.
'I'll rather give a thouſand times the ly
'To my owne reaſon than but once defy
'The ſacred voyce of th'everlaſting Spirit,
'*Which* doth ſo often and ſo loud averr it;

Beſides,

Beſides, when ſinfull men did God provoke,
In *Noahs* dayes theſe windowes he ſet ope.
And by theſe Seas drown'd cattell men and beaſt.
In this example I'll ſit downe and reſt.
So morne and even the ſecond day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that all his works were good.
Now, why the Sages when they nam'd this day,
Call'd it *Lucina's* day I cannot ſae,
Except it be becauſe her wax and waine,
Doe cauſe the waters ebbe and flow againe.
Faire *Phœbe* ſhe of all the Planets bright
Is moſt infirme, becauſe ſhe borrowes light.
By Poets ſhe is call'd *Diana* chaſt,
Yet ſhe her love on faire *Endymion* caſt,
Conſtant in love ſhe her ſwift courſe doth run
Throughout the Zode twelve times for once the ſun.
Diana was goddeſſe of chaſtity,
And therefore I doe ſee ſmall reaſon why
The vulgar ſhould affirme a man on's backe,
Within the Moone ſhould beare a Pedlers packe.
Beſides, I thinke no woman could be chaſt,
If that a man within her were well plac'd.
Luna doth governe Seamen, Fiſhers, Hunters,
Chaſt-maidens and wiſe Matrons, whoſe encounters
Or unchaſte meetings with uncivill men
Are never us'd: but my unlearned pen
Hath ſo outrun my judgement and my wit,
The uſes of this day I quite forget.
Beſides, amazement and aſtoniſhment
At Gods great workes, I am by this day bent,
Advis'd to learne my waters to divide
Of charity free from vaine glorious pride,
And to diſtinguiſh my repentant teares
From thoſe for loſſe of worldly things in feares.
And as the Moone I borrow all my light
From God, whoſe glory in me ſhineth bright.

And as the Moone, ſo I in vertues race,
Should ſtill goe forward, though darke be my pace.
And though by frailty I may ſometimes faile,
Yet godly conſtancy ſhould e'r prevaile.

Tueſday, or dies Martis.

'THis day th'Almighties bounteous Majeſty
'(willing t'enfeoffe man this worlds Empiry)
'Commanded *Neptune* ſtraight to marſhall forth
'His floods apart, and to unfold the earth,
'And preſently the Sea to't ſelfe betooke,
'Mount after mount, field after field forſooke;
'And ſuddenly in ſmaller caske did run
'Her waters, that from every ſide did tun:
'And hath impriſon'd them in bounds of braſſe,
'Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not paſſe
'Without his licenſe, for, th'Eternall, knowing
'The Seas commotive and inconſtant flowing
'Thus curbed her; and 'gainſt her envious rage
'For ever fenc'd our flowry-mantled ſtage:
'So that we often ſee thoſe rowling hils,
'With roaring noiſe threatning the neighbour fields,
'Through their owne ſpite to ſplit upon the ſhore,
'Foming for fury that they dare no more.
'Alſo God powr'd the water on the ground
'In ſundry figures; ſome in faſhion round,
'Some ſquare, ſome croſſe, ſome long, ſome Lozenge-wiſe,
'Some triangles, ſome large, ſome leſſer ſize:
'Amid the floods (by this faire difference)
'To give the world more wealth and excellence.
'And though each of theſe armes (how large ſoever)
'To the great Ocean ſeemes a little river:
'Each makes a hundred ſundry Seas beſides
'(*Not ſundry in waters, but in names and tides*)

'To

'To moiſten kindly, by their ſecret vaines,
'The thirſty thickneſſe of the neighbours plaines:
'To Bul-warke Nations, and to ſerve for fences,
'Againſt th'invaſion of Ambitious Princes:
'To bound large kingdomes with eternall limits,
'To further traffique through all earthly Climats,
'T'abridge long Jorneyes, and with aide of wind,
'Within a moneth to viſit either Inde;
'Moſt wiſely did th'Eternall All-creator,
'Diſpoſe theſe Elements of earth and water,
'For firſt th'one could not without drinke ſubſiſt,
'Nor th'other without ſtay, bottome and liſt,
'God intermixt them ſo, that th'earth her breaſt
'Op'ning to th'ocean, th'ocean winding preſt,
'About the earth a thwart, and under it:
'For the world's Center, both together fit,
'For if their mixt Globe held not certainely,
'Juſt, the juſt midſt of the worlds Axletree,
'All Climates then ſhould not be ſerv'd aright,
'With equall counterpoize of day and night:
'The *Horizons* il-level'd circle wide,
'Would ſag too much on th'one or th'other ſide:
'Th'*Antipodes*, or wee, at once ſhould take
'View of more *ſignes* then halfe the Zodiake:
'The Moones Eclipſes would not then be certaine,
'And ſettled ſeaſons would be then uncertaine:
'This alſo ſerveth for probation found,
'That th'earth and waters mingled Maſſe is round,
'Round as a Ball; ſeeing on every ſide,
'The day and night ſucceſſively to ſlide.
'Seas liquid Glaſſe round boweth every where,
'With Siſter earth, to make a perfect Spheare.
'And yet this Globe (which we ſo much admire)
'Seemes but a point compar'd to th'upper Spire,
'Sith the leaſt Star which we perceive to ſhine,
'Above diſperſt in th'Arches Chriſtalline,

'(If, at the leaſt, ſtarre-Clarkes be credit worth)
'Is eighteene times bigger then all the earth:
'whence, if wee but ſubſtract what is poſſeſt,
'(From North to South, and from the eaſt to weſt)
'what doth remaine? Ah! nothing (in reſpect)
'Loe here, O men! wherefore doe you neglect,
'Heav'ns glorious kingdome: Loe the largeſt ſcope
'Glory can give to your Ambitious hope.
'Loe her's the Guerdon of Mans glorious peines:
'A needles point, a Mote, a Mint he gains,
'A Nit, anothing (did he all poſſeſſe;)
'Or if than nothing any thing be leſſe.
'And certainely it is Gods onely power,
'That doth uphold and keepe earth's branchy Bower,
'For though it hang in th'aire, ſwim in the water,
'Though every way it be a round Theater,
'Though all turne round about it, though for ay,
'Its ſelfes foundations with ſwift, Motions play,
'It reſts unmovable: that the holy race,
'Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.
'The earth receives man, when he is firſt borne:
'Th'earth nurſes him; and when he is forlorne,
'Of th'other Elements, and nature loaths him,
'Th'earth in her boſome with kind buriall cloaths him
'Oft hath the aire with tempeſts ſet upon us,
'Oft hath the water, with her floods undone us,
'Oft hath the fire (th'upper as well as ours)
'With woefull flames conſum'd our Townes and Tow
'Onely the earth, of all the Elements,
'Unto man-kind is kind without offence:
'Onely the earth did never jot diſplace,
'From the firſt ſeat aſſign'd it by Gods grace:
'When God, whoſe word more in a moment can,
'Then in an age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
'Had ſevered the floods, levell'd the fields,
'*Embaſt the Aalleys*, and emboſt the *Hills*;

Change, change (quoth he) O faire and firmeſt Globe,
Thy mourning weed to a greene gallant Robe;
Cheere thy ſad browes, and ſtarely garniſh them,
With a rich fragrant, flowry diadem;
Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (Lady like)
With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow Cheek;
That aire, and water, and the Angels court,
May all ſeeme jealous of thy praiſe and port.
No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty *Pyne*,
Diſtilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld Turpentine,
Never-green *Box*, the Gummy *Cedar* ſprout,
And th' Airy Mountaines mantle all about:
The Maſtfull *Oke*, the uſefull *Aſh*, the *Holm*
Coat changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
Through hill and dale ranged their plumed rancks,
The winding Rivers bordered all their Bancks,
With ſlice-ſea *Aldars*, and greene *Oſiers* ſmall,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willowes* pale;
And many Trees beſide, fit to be made
Jewell, or Timber, or to ſerve for ſhade,
The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
Already beare grav'n in their tender *Barkes*,
Gods powerfull Providence in open markes;
The ſweet-ſent *Apple*, and aſtringent Pear,
The *Cherry*, *Filbert*, *Walnut*, *Medlers*,
The Milky *Fig*, the *Damſon* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olive*, aiding *Appetite*
Bread every-where a moſt enlightfull ſpring,
And every-where a very *Eden* bring!
Nere, the fine *Pepper*, as in cluſters hung:
There *Sinemon* and other *Spices* ſprong;
Here, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty paines,
Scarely repay the *Bandons* wondrous gaines;
Here growes (th' *Heſperian* Plant) the pretious Read,
Whence *Sugar* Sirrups in abundance bleed;

'There weeps the *Balme*, and famous Trees, from whe
'Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankincenſe*:
'There, th'amorous *Vine* calls in a thouſand ſorts,
'(With winding Armes) her ſpouſe that her ſupports:
'Here for our food, Millions of flow'ry graines,
'With long muſtachoes, wave upon the plaines;
'Here thouſand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,
'In *Se'rean* forreſts hang in ſilken Globes;
'Here ſhrubs of Malta (for my meaner uſe)
'The fine white Balls of *Bombace* doe produce;
'Here th'azure-flowred *Flax* is finely ſpun
'For fineſt Linen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
'Here fatall Hemp, which *Denmark* doth afford,
'Doth furniſh us with Canvaſſe, and with Cord,
'Cables and Sayles; that, winds aſſiſting either,
'Wee may acquaint the Eaſt and Weſt together,
'And dry-foot dance on *Neptunes* watry front,
'And in adventure lead whole Townes upon't,
'Never mine eyes in pleaſant ſprings behold,
'Th'azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
'The *Violets* purple, the ſweet *Roſes* ſtammell,
'The *Lillye's* ſnow, and *Panſeye's* various Ammell,
'But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
'Who in more colors doth the fields attire,
'Then freſh *Aurora's* roſey Cheekes diſplay,
'When in the Eaſt ſhe uſhers a faire day.
'God not content to have made theſe plants ours,
'Pretious perfumes, fruits, plenty, pleaſant flowers
'Infuſed Phyſick in their leaves and Mores,
'To cure our ſickneſſe, and to ſalve our ſores.
'Blew *ſuccory*, hanged on the naked Neck,
'Diſpells the dimneſſe that our ſight doth check.
'About an Infants neck hang Peony,
'It cures Alcydes cruell malady.
'If fuming bowls of *Bacchus*, in exceſſe,
'*Trouble thy brayns* with ſtormes of giddineſſe;

'Put but a Garland of greene *Saffron* on,
'And that mad humour will be quickly gon;
'Th'inchanting charmes of *Syrens* blandiſhments
'Contagious Aire-ingendring Peſtilence,
'Infect not thoſe that in their mouthes have ta'en
'*Angelica* that happy counter-baen,
'Sent downe from heav'n by ſome Celeſtiall ſcout,
'As well the name and nature doth avow't;
'So Pimpernell held in the patients hand,
'The bloody Flix doth preſently withſtand:
'And to conclude, whether I walke the fields,
'Ruſh through the woods, or clamber up the hills,
'I finde God every-where: thence all depend,
'He giveth frankly, what we thankly ſpend.
'But th'earth not onely on her back doth beare,
'Abundant Treaſures gliſtring every where,
'But inwardly ſhee's no leſſe fraught with riches,
'Nay rather more (which more our Soules bewitches)
'Within the deepe folds of her fruitfull lap,
'Such boundleſſe mines of treaſure ſhe doth wrap,
'That th'hungry hands of humane Avarice
'Cannot exhauſt with labour or device;
'For, they be more then there be ſtarres in heav'n,
'Or ſtormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n,
'Or eares of corne in *Autumn* on the fields,
'Or Savage Beaſts upon a thouſand Hills,
'Or Fiſhes diving in the ſilver floods,
'Or ſcattered Leaves in winter in the woods.
'*Slate*, *Ies* and *Marble* ſhall eſcape my Pen,
'I overpaſſe the Salt-mount *Oromene*:
'I blanch the *Brine-quar* hill in *Aragon*,
'Whence (there) they powder their proviſion.
'I'le onely now emboſſe my Booke with *Braſſe*,
'Dy't with *Vermilion*, deck't with *Coperaſſe*.
'With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead* and *Mercury*,
'*Tin*, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, Litharge;

'And

'And on my Gold worke I will onely place
'The *Chryſtall* pure, which both reflect each face;
'The precious *Ruby*, of a ſanguin hew,
'The ſeal-fit *Onix*, and the *Saphire* blew,
'The *Caſſidonie*, full of circles round,
'The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
'The various *Opal*, and greene Emerald,
'The *Azath* by a thouſand titles call'd,
'The skie-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethiſts*,
'And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames reſiſts.
'But, ſhall I baulk th'admired *Addmant*?
'Whoſe dead-live power, my reaſons power doth dau
'Renowned *Loade-ſtone*, which on Iron acts,
'And by the touch the ſame aloft attracts;
'Attracts it ſtrangely with unclaſping crooks,
'With unknowne Cords, and unconceived hookes,
'With unſeene hands, with undiſcerned Armes,
'With hidden force, with ſacred ſecret charmes,
'Wherewith he woes his *Iron Miſtreſſe*:
'And never leaves her till he get a kiſſe;
'Nay till he fold her in his faithfull boſome,
'Never to part (except wee, love-kiſſe looſem)
'With ſo firme zeale and faſt affection,
'The ſtone doth love the ſteel, the ſteele the ſtone;
'And though ſometime, ſome make-bate come betwi
'Still burnes their firſt flame; tis ſo ſurely fixt:
'And while they cannot meet to breake their minds,
'With mutuall skips, they ſhew their love by ſignes,
'(*As bashfull ſuiters ſeeing ſtrangers by*
'*Parley in ſilence with their hand or ey.*)
'Nor is th'earth onely worthy praiſe eternall,
'For the rare Riches on her back externall,
'O: in her boſome: but her owne ielfes worth,
'Solicits me to ſound her praiſes forth.
'All-hail faire earth, 'bearer of Townes and Towers,
'*Of men, Gold,* Graine, Phyſick, and fruits and flowe

'Faire, firme, and fruitfull, various, patient, ſweet,
'Sumptuouſly cloathed in mantle meet,
'Of mingled-colours; lac't about with floods;
'And all imbrod'red with freſh blooming buds,
'With rareſt Jemmes richly about emboſt,
'Excelling cunning, and exceeding coſt:
'All-haile great heart, round baſe, and ſtedfaſt Roor,
'Of all the world, the worlds ſtrong fixed foot,
'Heav'ns chaſteſt ſpouſe, ſupporter of this All;
'This glorious buildings goodly Pedeſtall.
'All-haile deere mother, Siſter, hoſteſſe, Nurſe,
'Of the worlds Soveraigne: Of thy liberall purſe,
'W'are all maintained, matcheleſſe Empereſſe;
'To doe thee ſervice with all readineſſe.
'The Sphears, before thee bear ten thouſand Torches:
'The fire, to warme thee, folds his heatfull arches,
'In pureſt flames about the floating cloud:
'Th' aire to refreſh thee, willingly is bow'd
'About the waves, and well content to ſuffer,
'Milde *Zephyrs* blaſts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher,
'Water, to quench thy thirſt, about the mountaines,
'Wraps her moiſt armes, Seas, Rivers, lakes and fountaines.
'So Morne and Evening the third day conclude;
'And God perceiv'd that all his workes were good.
But by this writing I declare my Birth,
How like a Mole I doe delight in earth.
Therefore I'll leave this Traſh and haſte away,
And ſhew how furious *Mars* doth rule this day,
Yet it is ſtrange: for he is God of war,
Diſcord, diſſention, and delights to jar.
Hee governs Knights, Captaines, and bloody Souldiers,
Alchymiſts, Surgeons, he rules all diſorders,
In Butchers, Serjeants, Hangmen, the ſtout theefe,
Who many times heapes the poore true-man griefe.
And all this day I writ no harme to be
In fields, in woods, in hills that I could ſee,

But 'tis to ſhow how vainely men doe uſe,
Gods creatures good, and how they doe abuſe.
Iron and ſteele they make to kill and ſlay,
Hearbs, metalls, earth caſt many men away.
When dull Phyſicians void of learned Notions
For greedy gaine make poyſoned ſalves and potions;
And for Golds lutter many doe not feare,
To looſe their limbs, and laſt the halter were.
'To pick a lock, to take their neighbours purſe,
'To breake a houſe, or to doe ſomething worſe,
'To cut his Parents Throat, to kill his Prince,
'To ſpoyle his Country, murder innocents;
'Even ſo prophaning of a gift divine,
The drunkard drownes his Reaſon in the wine;
'So file-tongu'd Lawyers, wreſting Eloquence,
'Excuſe rich wrong, and caſt poore innocence,
'So *Antichriſts*, their poyſon to infuſe,
'Miſ-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuſe:
'For as a Caſk, for want of uſe growne fuſty,
'Makes with his ſtink the beſt *Greeke* Malmeſey muſty,
'So Gods beſt Gifts, uſurpt by wicked ones,
'To poyſon turne through their contagions.
'Tis not theſe creatures, but 'tis mans amiſſe,
'Hath made Sin mount unto the hight it is:
'But, as the ſweet baite of abundant riches,
'Bodyes and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
'Gold gilds the vertuous, and it lends them wings,
'To raiſe their thoughts unto the rareſt things.
'The wiſe not onely Iron well apply,
'For houſhold turnes, and tools of husbandry;
'But to defend their Country (when it calls)
'From forraigne dangers, and inteſtine bralls.
'Brave-minded *Mars*, (yet maſter of miſorder,
'Delighting nought but Battells, blood, and murder)
'His furious courſers laſheth night and day,
'*That he may* ſwiftly paſſe his courſe away,

'But in the road of his eternall race,
'So many rubs hinder his haſty pace,
'That thrice the while the lively *Lyquor-God*
'With dabling heeles, hath ſwelling cluſters trod,
'And thrice hath *Ceres* ſhav'n her amber Treſſe,
'Ere his ſteele wheeles have done their buſineſſe.
Oh Lord, I pray, grant I may make ſuch uſe,
Of all thy creatures without baſe abuſe,
That I with temperance may take and eat
Wheat, hearbs, and fruit which are delicious meat,
And that the love of wine may neere intox,
My head and minde to make mee catch the Fox:
And though (like *Mars*) many doe me oppoſe,
For men and devills may become my foes,
Grant me ſuch courage I may never feare
Any but thee and ſtill move in thy Spheare,
That having liv'd on earth Godly and well,
I may with thee in heaven for ever dwell.

Wedneſday or Dies Mercurii.

GOd having now the Worlds wide curtaine ſpread
Abour the Circuit of the fruitfull Bed;
'Where (to fill all with her unnumbred kin)
'Kind natures ſelfe each Moment lyeth in:
'To make the ſame for ever admirable,
'More ſtately-pleaſant, and more profitable:
'He th'Azure Teſter trimm'd with Golden workes,
'And richly ſpangled with bright gliſtring Sparks.
'He that to number all the Stars would ſeek,
'Had need invent ſome new Arithmetique;
'And who, to caſt that reckning takes in hand,
'Had need for counters take the Oceans ſand:
'Yet have our wiſe and learned Elders found
'*Foure-dozen Figures* in the heav'nly Round,

'For aid of memory; and to our eyes,
'In certaine *Houses* to divide the skies,
'Of those are rankt in that rich *Girdle* girt
'Which God gave Nature for her New-yeares-Gi
'(When making all, his voyce Almighty most,
'Gave so faire Lawes unto heav'ns shining hoast)
'To weare it bias, buckled over-thwart her
'Not round about her swelling waste, to girt her
'This glorious *Baldrick* of a Golden bindge,
'Imboss with *Rubyes*, edged with Silver fringe,
'Buckled with Gold; with a Bend glistring brigh
'Heav'ns bias-wise environs day and night,
'For from the period, Where the *Ram* doth bring
'The day and night to equall ballancing,
'Ninety degrees towards the North it wends,
'Thence just as much toward Mid-heav'n it bend
'As many thence toward the South, and thence
'Toward th'yeares Portall, the like difference.
'*Nephelian* Crook horne with brasse Cornets cro
'Thou butteſt bravely 'gainſt the *Newyears* bound
'And richly clad in thy fare Golden fleece,
'Do'ſt hold the *firſt house* of *heavens* ſpacious Meeſe
'Thou ſpy'ſt anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
'Who leaſt that fodder by the way he lack,
'Seeing the world ſo naked, to renew't,
'Coats th'infant earth in a greene gallant ſute;
'And without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
'Through fragrant paſtures of the flowry ſpring
'*The Twins*, whoſe heads, Armes, ſhoulders, knees,
'God fill'd with Starres to ſhine in ſeaſon ſweet,
'Contend in courſe, who firſt the *Bull* ſhould catc
'That neither will nor may attend their match.
'Then Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing f
'With his eight Oares through the heav'ns azure l
'To bring us yearely, in his ſtarry ſhell,
'*Many long* dayes the ſhuggy earth to ſweld,

' Almoſt with the pace leaps the *Lyon* out,
' All clad with flames, bridled with beames about;
' Who with contagion of his burning breath,
' Both Graſſe and grain to cinders withereth.
' The *Virgin* next, ſweeping heav'ns azure Globe,
' With ſtately traine of her bright Golden robe,
' Mild-proudly marching in her left hand brings
' A ſheafe of Corne, and in her right hand wings.
' After the *Maiden*, ſhines the *Balance* bright,
' Equall divider of the day and night:
' In whoſe gold beam, with three Gold rings, there faſtens
' With ſix Gold ſtrings, a paire of Golden baſens.
' The ſpitefull *Scorpion* next the *Skale* addreſt,
' With two bright Lamps covers his loathſome breaſt;
' And faine, from both ends, with his double ſting,
' Would ſpet his venome over every thing;
' But that the brave *Halfe-horſe Phylirean ſpout*,
' Galloping ſwift the heav'nly Belt about,
' Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-fethered arrow,
' To ſhoot the ſparkling ſtarry viper thorough.
' And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his race,
' Is ſo attentive to this onely chaſe,
' That dreadleſſe of his dart, heav'ns ſhining *Kid*
' Comes jumping light, juſt at his heels unſpid.
' Mean while the *Shower*, from his ſtarry ſpout,
' After the *Goate*, a ſilver ſtreame pours-out;
' Diſtilling ſtill out of his radiant fire
' Rivers of water (who but will admire?
' In whoſe cleere channell mought at pleaſure ſwim,
' Thoſe two bright *Fiſhes* that doe follow him;
' But that the Torrent *ſlides* ſo ſwift away,
' That it out-runs them ever, even as they
' Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them purſues,
' And by returning yearely, all renewes.
' Beſides theſe twelve, towards the *Artick* ſide,
' *A flaming Dragon, doth two Bears* divide;

'After the *Wainman* comes, the *Crowne*, the *Speare*,
'The *kneeling Youth*, the *Harpe*, the *Hamperer*
'Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the ſame
'By *Eſculapius*, or *Alcides* name)
'Swift *Pegaſus*, the *Dolphin*, loving man;
'*Ioves* ſtately *Eagle*, and the ſilver *Swan*:
'*Andromeda*, with *Caſſiopea* neere-her,
'Her Father *Cepheus*, and her *Perſeus* deerer,
'The ſhining *Triangles Medu ſas Treſſe*,
'And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
'Toward th'other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
'The *Whale*, the *whe'pe*, and hot breath'd *Sirius*,
'The *Hare*, the *Hulke*, the *Hydra* and the *Boule*,
'The *Centaure*, *Woolfe*, the *Cenſer*, and the foule,
'(The twice foule *Raven*) the *Southern Fiſh* and *Crown*
'Through heav'ns bright Arches brandiſh up and down
'Thus on *this day* working th' *eight* azure tent
'With Artleſſe Art, Divinely excellent;
'Th' Almighties fingers fixed many a million,
'Of Golden Scutchions in that rich Pavilion:
'But, in the reſt (under that glorious heav'n)
'But one a peece, unto the ſeverall ſev'n,
'Leaſt, of theſe lamps the number-paſſing number
'Should mortall eyes with ſuch confuſion cumber,
'That we ſhould never, in the cleereſt night,
'Stars divers courſe ſee or diſcerne aright:
'And therefore alſo, all the fixed Tapers,
'He made to twinkle with ſuch trembling Capers;
'But, the *ſeven lights* that wander under them
'Through various paſſage, never ſhake a beam.
'Or, He (perhaps) made them not different;
'But th'hoaſt of Sparks ſpred in the Firmament,
'Far from our ſenſe, through diſtance infinite,
'Seemes but to twinkle, to our twinkling ſight,
'*Whereas* the leaſt, neere a thouſand fold,
To th' earth and Sea, wee doe more grim behold.

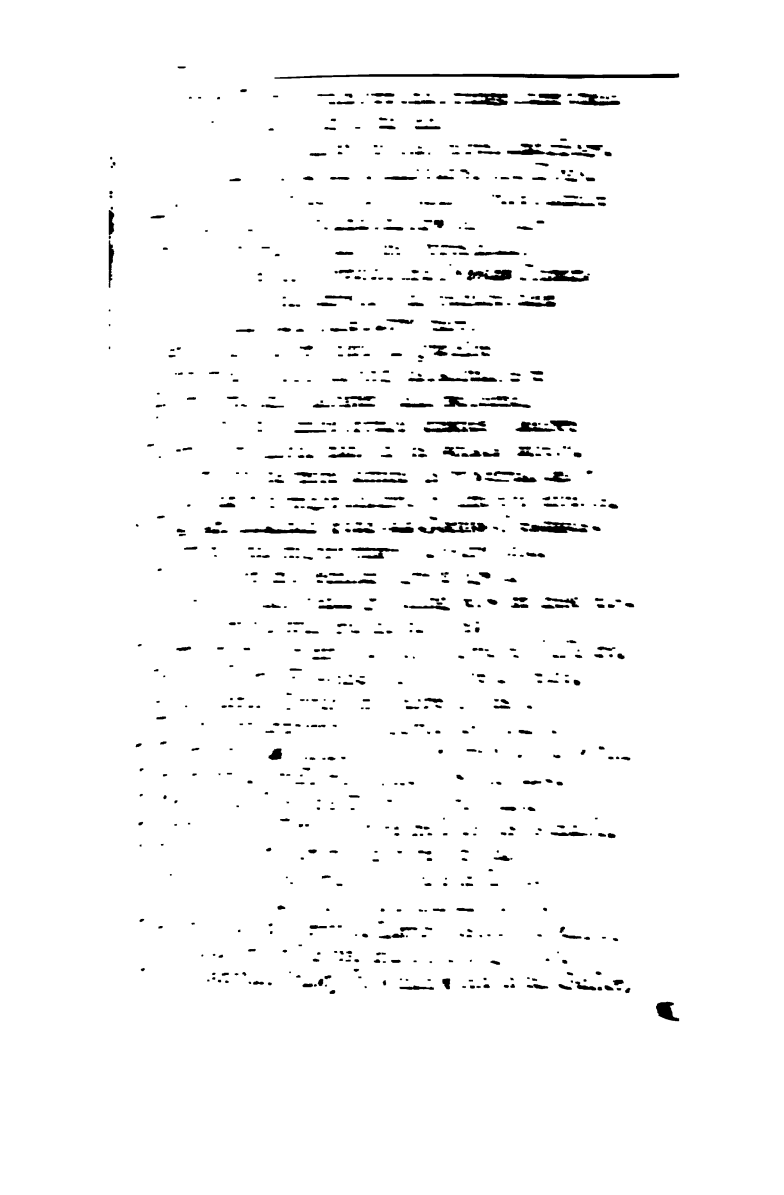
'For, the heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced;
'But th'undermoſt by th'upper be embraced.
'And more or leſſe the Rundells wider are,
'As from the Center they be neere or far,
'As in an Egg, the ſhell includes the skin,
'The skin the white, the white the Yolke within.
'Now like as in a Clock that is well tended,
'Juſt counterpoize, Juſtly thereon ſuſpended,
'Makes the great wheele goe round, and that anon
'Turnes with his turning many a meaner one,
'The trembling watch & th'Iron Maule that chimes,
'The entire day in twice twelve equall times:
'So the grand heau'n, in foure and twenty houres,
'Surveying all this various houſe of ours,
'With his quick motion all the Spheares doth move,
'Whoſe radiant glances gild the world above,
'And drives them every day (which ſwiftneſſe ſtrange is)
'From *Gange*, to *Tagus*, and from *Tag* to *Ganges*.
'But th'under-Orbes, as grudging to be ſtill,
'So ſtreightly ſubject to anothers will,
'Still without change, ſtill at anothers pleaſure,
'After one Pipe to dance one onely meaſure;
'They from-ward turne, and traverſing aſide,
'Each by himſelfe an oblique courſe doth ſlide:
'So that they all (although it ſeeme not ſo)
'Forward and backward in one inſtant goe,
'Both up and downe, and with contrary paces,
'At once they poſt to two contrary places.
'But now the neerer any of theſe eight,
'Approach th'*Emperiall Pallace* walls in height,
'The more their circuit, and more dayes they ſpend,
'Ere they returne unto their Jorneyes end.
'It's therefore thought, that ſumptuous Canopye,
'The which th'unnigard hand of Majeſty,
'Powdred ſo thick with ſhields ſo ſhining cleere,
'Spends *in his voyage* nigh ſev'n thouſand yeare.

'Then follow *Saturne*, *Iupiter*, and *Mars*,
'Divine *Apollo*, *Venus's* bright Cars.
'So ſwiftly followes, whoſe doves goe not far
'From ſplendant *Phebus* glory beaming Car:
'Then witty *Mercury* and *Luna* laſt
'In her Carreer, doth make a monethly haſt.
'Now, ſhould I write how the *Latonian* twins
'The yeare, the moneth, the weeke and day begins,
'Firſt how the ſun about the world rides ay,
'How all doe live by vertue of his Ray:
'How, even as man (the little world of Cares)
'Within the middle of his body, beares
'His heart (the ſpring of life) which with proportion
'Supplyeth ſpirits to all, and every Portion.
'Even ſo the Sun his Golden Chariot Marches
'Amid the ſix lamps of the ſix low Arches,
'Which ſeele the world, that equally it might
'Richly impart them beauty, force and light;
'Six heav'nly Princes mounted evermore
'Wait on Sols Coach, three behind, three before,
'Beſides the hoaſts of th'upper twincklers bright,
'To whom for pay, he giveth onely light:
And how he cheareth every living thing
With light and heat, but my muſe dares not ſing
His honour'd prayſes, for I'm like the moone,
In borrowing light from a diviner Sun.
Therefore I'll vaile my front under his ſhine,
Leaſt I ecclips him by this work of mine.
So morn and Evening the fourth day conclude.
And God perceiv'd that all his workes were good.
Why this is call'd the day of *Mercury*,
(Who is of Eloquence and Memory,
The God by Poets call'd, and rules the Muſes.
Marchants and each one that the Pen oft uſes,
Ambaſſadors, the Princes humor pleaſer,
To end his course takes more a twelve moneths leasure

all the while his nimble winged heeles
e little bouge from *Phebus* golden wheeles.
's fained to have wings on Armes and feet,
ſhew his ſpeed (for meſſage he is meet)
not tell except it be to ſhow
v ſwift the motion of the Planets goe,
v by the force of the firſt moving heav'n
h ſpeedy haſt their flaming Cars are driv'n:
w as that grand heav'n by his powerfull force,
:h move the under nine in their ſwift courſe:
of my ſelfe, I know I cannot move
any good. It is the Lord above,
it drives mee forward in the way of Grace,
it in bright Glory I may have a place,
:re to remaine, ev'n as a glorious ſtarre,
ich happy Bliſſe doth paſſe mans reaſon far.

Thurſday or Dies Jovis.

e *vaine* had God ſtor'd heav'n with gliſtring ſtuds,
The Plain with grain, the mountaine tops with woods,
ver'd the aire from fire, the earth from water.
ad hee not ſoone peopled this large Theater
'ith living Creatures: therefore he began
'his Day) to quicken in the *Ocean*
ı ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Rivers*,
hoſe folding Channell fertill Champion ſevers)
ı many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
'hat in the waters one may ſee all creatures,
nd all that in this, All is to be found;
s if the world within the deeps were drown'd,
:as have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moone, and ſtars:
As well as aire) Swallowes, and Rooks, and ſtares:
s well as earth, Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
aks, Gilly-flowers, Muſhromes, & many millions



For all the while his nimble winged heeles
Dare little bouge from *Phebus* golden wheeles.
Hee's fained to have wings on Armes and feet,
To ſhew his ſpeed (for meſſage he is meet)
I cannot tell except it be to ſhow
How ſwift the motion of the Planets goe,
How by the force of the firſt moving heav'n
With ſpeedy haſt their flaming Cars are driv'n:
Now as that grand heav'n by his powerfull force,
Doth move the under nine in their ſwift courſe:
So of my ſelfe, I know I cannot move
To any good. It is the Lord above,
That drives mee forward in the way of Grace,
That in bright Glory I may have a place,
There to remaine, ev'n as a glorious ſtarre,
Which happy Bliſſe doth paſſe mans reaſon far.

Thurſday or Dies Jovis.

IN *vaine* had God ſtor'd heav'n with gliſtring ſtuds,
The Plain with grain, the mountaine tops with woods,
'Sever'd the aire from fire, the earth from water.
'Had hee not ſoone peopled this large Theater
'With living Creatures: therefore he began
'(*This Day*) to quicken in the *Ocean*
'In ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Rivers*,
'(whoſe folding Channell fertill Champion ſevers)
'So many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
'That in the waters one may ſee all creatures,
'And all that in this, All is to be found;
'As if the world within the deeps were drown'd,
'Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moone, and ſtars:
'(As well as aire) Swallowes, and Rooks, and ſtares:
'As well as earth, Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
'Pinks, Gilly-flowers, Muſhromes, & many millions.

'Of other Plants (more rare and ſtrange then theſe)
'As very Fiſhes living in the Seas:
'And alſo Rams, Calfes, Horſes, Hares, and Hogs,
'Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
'Yea men and maides: and (which I more admire)
'The Mitred Biſhop, and the cowled Fryer:
'whereof example (but a few yeares ſince)
'Were ſhowne the *Norwayes*, and *Polonian* Prince.
'As a rare Painter drawes (for pleaſure) here
'A ſweet *Adonis*, a ſoule *Satyre* there:
'Here a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigme* Elfe:
'Somtimes no leſſe buſying his skilfull ſelfe;
'Upon ſome ugly Monſter (ſeldome ſeene)
'Then on the Picture of faire beauties Queene.
'Even ſo the Lord, that, in his workes variety,
'Wee might the more admire his powerfull deity;
'And that wee might diſcerne by different features,
'The various kinds of the vaſt Oceans Creatures;
'Forming this mighty frame, he every kind,
'With divers and peculiar Signets ſign'd.
'Some have their heads groveling betwixt their feet,
'(As th'inky *Cuttles* and the *many-feet*:)
'Some in their breaſt (*as Crabs*) ſome headleſſe are,
'Foot leſſe and Fin-leſſe (as the banefull Hare,
'And heartfull Oyſter) in a heape confus'd;
'Their parts unparted, in themſelves diffus'd.
'Then for their bulk, the *Orke*, *Whirlepoole* and *Whale*
'In greatneſſe paſſe the largeſt ſhips that ſaile,
'Me thinkes I ſee the *Dolphin* ſwiftly paſſe,
'And the rare *Tortoiſe* whoſe ſhell ſeemes as braſſe,
'Which th'*Arabian* makes in ſted to ſtand,
'For hulke at Sea, and for a houſe on Land.
'The dainty *Salmons*, *Chevins* thunder-ſcal'd;
'Feaſt-famous *Sturgeons*, Lampreyes ſpeckle-ſtarr'd,
'Th'adulterous Sargus, and the loving *Mullet*,
'*The banefull Crampfiſh*, which when in her Gullet,

['She hath receiv'd the sharp deceitfull hooke,
Suddenly spues into the silver brooke
Her secret-spreading, sudden-speeding bane;
Which, up the line, and all along the cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who withall
Benumm'd and senselesse, suddenly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize,
In a deep sleep upon the ground he lies.
A firmer league of friendship is not seene,
Than is the *Pearle-fish* and the *Prawn* betweene;
Both have but one repast, both but one palace,
But one delight, death, sorrow, and one solace:
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindnesse, with all needfull cates.
For while the Pearle-fish gaping wide doth glister,
Much fry (allur'd with the bright silver luster,
Of her rich casket) flocks into the Nacre;
Then with a pricke the *Prawne* a signe doth make her,
That instantly her shining shell she'll close,
(Because the prey worthy their paine he knowes)
Which gladly done, she ev'nly shareth out
The prey betwixt her, and her faithfull scout:
And so the *Sponge-spie*, warily awakes
the *Sponges* dull sense, when repast it takes.
But why doe I thus search in *Thetis* lap
for fishes kinde, when I am far unapt
To imitate their vertuous quality:
Therefore into the ayre I meane to fly,
And there I see the onely Phenyx flie,
So faire a creature dazel'd hath mine eye:
Such forme, such feathers, and such face God gave her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; upon her crowne a creſt
Of starry sprigs (more splendent than the rest).

'A golden downe about her dainty necke,
'Her breaſt deepe purple, and a ſcarlet backe,
'Her wings and traine of feathers (mixed fine)
'Of orient azure and incarnadine.
'He did appoint her fate to be her Phere,
'And deaths cold kiſſes to reſtore her here,
'Her life againe, which never ſhall expire,
'Untill (as ſhe) the world conſume with fire.
'For ſhe becomes out of a ſacred fire,
'Her owne ſelfe's heire, Nurſe, Nurſling, Dam and Sire,
'Teaching us all in *Adam* here to dy,
'That we in *Chriſt* may live eternally.
'Next her the Swallow ſweepeth to and fro,
'As ſwift as ſhafts fly from a Turkiſh bow,
'When (uſe and art, and ſtrength confedered)
'The skilfull Archer drawes unto the head:
'Flying ſhe ſings, and ſinging ſeeketh every where,
'She more with cunning, then with coſt may reere
'Her round-ſiont palace in a place ſecure,
'Whoſe plot may ſerve in rareſt Arch'tecture.
'The pretty Larke climbing the welkin cleare,
'Chants with a cheere, *here peer I neer my deare*;
'Then ſtouping thence (ſeeming her fall to rew)
'*Adieu* (ſhe ſaith) *dieu deare deare adieu*.
'The *Spinke*, the *Linot*, and the *Goldfinch* fill
'All the freſh ayre with their ſweet warbles ſhrill.
'But theſe are nothing to the *Nightingale*.
'Breathing ſo ſweetly from a breaſt ſo ſmall,
'So many tunes, whoſe harmony excels,
'Our voyce, our vials and all muſique elſe.
'The *Storke*, ſtill eying her deare *Theſſaly*,
'The *Pelican* conſorteth cheerefully.
'Praiſe-worthy paire, which pure examples yeeld
'Of faithfull father and officious child:

']

'Th'one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
'From whom ſhe had her birth and tender breeding
'Not onely brooding under her warme breaſt
'Theire age-chill'd bodies bedrid in the neſts
'Nor onely bearing them upon her back
'Through th'empty ayre, when their owne wings they lacke.
'But alſo, ſparing (this let children note)
'Her daintieſt food from her owne hungry throat,
'To feed at home her feeble parents, held
'From forraging, with heavie gives of eld.
'The other kindly for her tender brood
'Teares out her bowels, trilleth out her blood
'To heale her young, and in a wondrous ſort
'Unto her children doth her life tranſport:
'For finding them by ſome fell Serpent ſlaine,
'She rents her breaſt, and doth upon them raine
'Her vitall humour; whence recovering heate,
'They by her death, another life doe get:
'A type of *Chriſt*, who ſin-thrall'd man to free,
'Became a captive, and on ſhamefull tree
'(Selfe-guiltleſſe) ſhed his blood, by's wounds to ſave us,
'And ſalve the wounds th'old Serpent firſtly gave us,
'And ſo became, of meere immortall, mortall,
'Thereby to make fraile mortall man, immortall,
'There's the fine *Pheaſant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
'The luſtfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*.
'The chattering *Py*, the chaſteſt *Turtle-Dove*,
'The grezell *Quoiſt*, the *Thruſh* that grapes doth love)
'The little *Gnatſnap* (worthy Princes boards)
'And the green *Parrat* fainer of our words.
'The ravening *Kite*, whoſe traine doth well ſupply
'A rudders place, the *Falcon* mounting high,
'The *Martin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle *Tercell*
'Th'*Oſpray* and *Saker* with a nimble *Sarcell*
'Follow the *Phœnix*, from the cloudes (almoſt)
'At once diſcovering many an unknowne coaſt.

'In the swift rancke of these fell rovers, flies
'The *Indian Griffin* with the glistering eyes,
'Beake *Eagle-like*, backe sable, sanguine brest,
'White (Swan-like) wings, fierce tallons, alwayes prest
'For bloody battles; for with these he teares
'Boars, Lyons, Horses, Tigers, Buls and Beares.
The feare of him hath made me quite forget
Night Birds and *Water*, *Fowles*, and I as yet
Have writ nothing of *Peacocks* stalking grave,
Nor mighty *Estridge*, nor the *Eagle* brave,
Nor thousands more of famous Birds that be
Within the ayre never descry'd by me:
For hitherto, what I have boldly writ
Is all but borrowed from more learned wit.
But this I doe acknowledge is mine owne,
To fit the Planets, and to make it knowne
Wherefore they governe every day i'th weeke:
But on this day I'm most of all to seeke.
Why *Iupiter* should beare such rule and sway,
To move the Sages place him on this day,
For he was *Saturn's* lofty sonne and heire,
And as a Plannet in his high carcere.
His Tinnen Chariot shod with burning bosses
Through twice six signes in twice six twelve moneths cre
He rules o'r Princes, Preachers, Bishops, Priests,
Judges, and those that in deepe Councell sits.
But as he is a God of th'ayre and sky,
Therefore I thinke over the birds that fly,
Our elders plac'd him on this day, and so
Because his brother *Neptune* doth not go
Among the number of the wandring seav'n,
Hee hath the power of fishes to him giv'n.
Now will I praise the Lord for all the good
Nourishment we receive from th'ayre and flood,
From fowles of th'ayre and fishes of the Sea,
Whose copious choyce and number endlesse be.

Yet with ſuch food our corps are daily fed,
And on our tables plentifully ſpread,
And I will pray to God, that I may learne,
From fiſh and fowles that I in them diſcerne:
For ſome are preſidents of love and piety,
Others of prudence, and of grave ſobriety.
And laſtly, I admire Gods wondrous power,
In peopling this moſt rich and beautifull bower,
With ſuch variety of ſundry creatures,
Of admirable kinds, and dainty features.
O Lord, I pray, grant I may ever ſing
Thy praiſe, like warbling birds in welcome Spring,
And that in waters of thy Word I may
Delight as fiſh to ſwim theſe nights and day;
And there to learne ſuch knowledge of thy grace,
That I in glory may finde reſting place:
Where I ſhall ſing a ſong among the bleſt,
And live with God in a perpetuall reſt.

Fryday, or dies Veneris.

'HAving the laſt day veniur'd forth ſo far,
'On *Neptune's* backe (through winde and waters war)
'I'll row this ſtroake, the harbour to recover,
'Whoſe ſhoares already my glad eyes diſcover.
'*Of all* the beaſts that *this day* God diſbuild
'To haunt the hils, the forreſt and the fields:
'I ſee (as Viceroy of their brutiſh bend)
'The *Elephant* the Vant-gard doth command,
'Worthy that office; whether we regard
'His towred backe where many ſouldiers ward,
'Or elſe his prudence, wherewithall he ſeemes
'T'obſcure the wits of human kinde ſometimes.
'Neer the *Elephant* comes th'horned *Hirable*,
'Stream-troubling *Camill*, and ſtrong necked Bull,

'The lazy-paced (yet laborious) Aſſe,
'The quicke proud *Courſer*, which the reſt doth paſſe
'For apt addreſſe; *Mars* and his Maſter loving,
'After his hand, with ready lightneſſe moving,
'When out of hand, will ſelfe advance, and bound,
'Corvet, pace, mannage, turne, and trot the round.
'In a freſh troope, the fearefull *Hare* I note,
'The oblivious *Coney* and the brouzing *Goat*,
'The ſlothfull *Swine*, the golden fleeced ſheepe,
'The light-foot *Hart*, that every yeere doth weepe.
'But, of all beaſts, none ſteadeth man ſo much
'As doth the Dog; his diligence is ſuch:
'A faithfull guard, a wachfull ſentinell,
'A painfull purvey'r, that with perfect ſmell
'Provides great Princes many a dainty meſſe,
'A friend till death, a helper in diſtreſſe,
'Dread of the Wolfe, feare of the fearefull thiefe,
'Fierce combatant, and of all hunters chiefe.
'There skips the *Squirrell*, ſeeming weatherwiſe,
'Without beholding of heav'ns twinckling eyes;
'For, knowing well which way the wind will change,
'He ſhifts the portall of his little grange.
'There's the wanton *Weazel*, and the wily *Fox*,
'The witty *Monkey* that mans actions mocks.
'The ſweat ſweet *Civet*, dearely fetcht from far,
'For Courtiers nice, paſt *Indian Tarnaſſar*.
'There the wiſe *Bever*, who purſu'd By foes,
'Teares off his codlings, and among them throwes;
'Knowing the hunters, on the *Pontik* heath,
'Doe more deſire that ranſome, than his death:
'There, the rough *Hedgehog*, who to ſhun his thrall,
'Shrinks up himſelfe as round as any ball;
'And faſtning his ſlow feet under his chin,
'On's thiftly briſles, rowles him quickly in:
'*But th'eye* of heav'n beholdeth nought more ſtrange
'*Than the Chamelion*, who with various change

'Rec

' Receives the colour that each object gives,
' And (foodleſſe elſe) of th'ayre alonely lives.
' Oh! who is he that would not be aſtound,
' To be (as I am) here environ'd round
' With cruell'ſt creatures, which for maſtery
' Have vow'd againſt us endleſſe enmity?
' *Phœbus* would faint, *Alcides* ſelfe would dread,
' Although the firſt dread *Python* conquered,
' And th'other vanquiſht th'*Erymanthian* Boare,
' The *Nemean* Lyon and a many more.
' What ſtrength of arme, or artfull ſtratagem
' From *Nile's* fell rover could deliver them,
' Who runs and rowes, warring by land and water
' 'Gainſt men and fiſhes, ſubject to his ſlaughter;
' Or from that furious *Dragon*, which alone
' ſet on a Roman army; whereupon
' Stout *Regulus* as many engines ſpent,
' As to the ground would *Carthage* walls have rent.
' What ſhot free Corſlet, or what counſell crafty,
' 'Gainſt th'angry aſpick could aſſure them ſafety,
' Who (faithfull husband) over hill and plaine
' Purſues the man that his deare Pheer hath ſlaine;
' Whom he can find amid the thickeſt throng,
' And in an inſtant venge him of his wrong.
' What ſhield of *Ajax* could avoyd their death
' By th' *Baſiliſk*, whoſe peſtilentiall breath
' Doth pierce firme Marble, and whoſe baneſull eye
' Wounds with a glance, ſo that the ſoundeſt dye.
' From Serpents ſcap'd, yet am I ſcarce in ſafety:
' Alas! I ſee a Legion fierce and lofty
' Of Savages, whoſe fleet and furious pace,
' Whoſe horrid roaring, and whoſe hideous face
' Make my ſenſe ſenſleſſe, and my ſpeach reſtraine,
' And caſt me in my former feares againe.
' Already howles the waſtfull *Wolfe*, the *Boare*
' Whets foamy fangs, the hungry Beare doth roare,

'The Cat-fac'd *Ounce*, that doth me much diſmay,
'With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
'The light foot *Tyger*, ſpotted *Leopard*,
'Foaming with fury doe beſiege me hard;
'Then th'*Vnicorne*, th'*Hyena* tearing-wombs,
'Swift *Manticho's*, and *Nubian Cephus* comes;
'Of which laſt three, each hath (as here they ſtand)
'Man's voyce, man's viſage, man-like foot and hand.
'I feare the beaſt bred in the bloody coaſt
'Of *Cannibals*, which thouſand times (almoſt)
'Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender wombe
'She doth as oft her living brood entombe;
'Then th'monſtrous *Porcupine* there bids me battle,
'On whoſe rough backe an hoaſt of pikes doth rattle.
'But (courage now) here comes the valiant beaſt
'The noble Lyon, King of all the reſt;
'Who bravely minded, is as milde to thoſe
'That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes:
'To humble ſuitors neighbor fierne nor ſtatefull;
'To benefactors never found ingratefull:
'There's under Sun (as *Delphos* God did ſhow)
'No better knowledge, than our ſelves to know:
'There is no theame more plentifull to ſcan
'Than is the glorious goodly frame of *man*.
'For in mans ſelfe is fire, ayre earth, and Sea;
'Man's (in a word) the worlds *Epitome*
'Or little map: which here my Muſe would try
'By the grand patterne to exemplifie:
But my dull Muſe ſhall not eclipſe thy ſhine,
From whom I borrow all theſe wordes divine.
For I can little of mans nature ſpeake,
But what I take from thy contrition weeke:
For here and there I take a little taſt
Of thy ſweet Nectar, my rare lines to caſt
In ſuch a heav'nly ſmooth delicious mould,
As with the Word of God may firmely hold

Due correſpondence: and make plaine to ſenſe
The wondrous workes of Gods Omnipotence.
'Now God that ſupreame peereleſſe Architect,
'When of mere nothing he did firſt erect
'Heav'n, earth and ayre, and ſeas; at once his thought,
'His Word and deed all in an inſtant wrought:
'But when he would his owne ſelfe's type create,
'Th'honour of nature, th'earths ſole potentate;
'As if he would a councel hold, he citeth
'His ſacred power, his prudence he inviteth,
'Summons his love, his juſtice he adjourneth,
'Calleth his goodneſſe, and his grace returneth,
'To (as it were) conſult about the birth
'And building of a ſecond god, of earth;
'Or rather he conſults with his owne Son,
'(His owne true pourtrait) what proportion,
'What gifts, what grace, what ſoule he ſhould beſtow
'Upon his *Vice-roy* of this Realme below.
But of 's particular parts I will not ſpeake,
It is enough in this my borrowed weeke
In generall to write a little ſtory
Of ſoule and bodies firſt created glory.
They that deſire more of the ſame to know,
Learned *Du Bartas* will divinely ſhow.
'Th'Almighty Father, as of watery matter,
'It pleas'd him make the people of the water.
'So of an earthly ſubſtance made he all
'The ſlimy Burgers of this earthly ball;
'To th'end each creature might (by conſequent)
'Part-ſympathize with his owne element.
'Therefore, to frame this earthly Emperor
'He did take earth, and by his ſacred power
'So tempered it, that of the very ſame
'Dead ſhapeleſſe lump did *Adams* body frame:
'Yet not his face downe to the earth-ward bending
'(Like beaſts that but regard their belly-ending,

'For ever all) but toward the azure skies
'Bright golden *Lamps* lifting his lovely eyes;
'That through their nerves, his better part might looke
'Still to that place from whence her birth ſhee tooke.
'And this moſt peere-leſſe learned Imager,
'Life to his lovely picture to confer,
'Did not extract out of the elements
'A certaine ſecret Chymick Quinteſſence:
'But, breathing, ſent as from the lively ſpring
'Of his divineneſſe ſome ſmall riverling,
'It ſelfe diſperſing into every pipe
'Of the fraile Engine of this Earthen type.
'In brieſe, it's but a breath: Now, though a breath
'Out of our ſtomachs concave iſſueth;
'Yet of our ſubſtance it tranſporteth nought:
'Onely it ſeemeth to be ſimply fraught,
'And to retaine the purer qualities
'Of the inward place whence it derived is,
'Inſpired by that breath: this breath deſire
'I to deſcribe; who ſo doth not admire
'His ſpirit, is ſpriteleſſe, an I his ſenſe is paſt.
'Who hath no ſenſe of that admired blaſt.
'Yet wot I well, that as an eye perceives
'All but it ſelfe, even ſo our ſoule conceives
'All, ſave her owne ſelfe eſſence; but the end
'Of her owne greatneſſe cannot comprehend.
'Yet as a ſound eye, voyd of vicious matter,
'Sees (in a ſort) it ſelfe in glaſſe or water:
'So, in her ſacred works (as in a glaſſe)
'Our ſoule (almoſt) may ſee her glorious face.
'Mans compleate nature, imitates the beſt
'And faireſt workes of the Almightieſt,
'By rare effects beares records of its linage
'And high deſcent; and that Gods ſacred Image
'Was in mans ſoule ingraven, when firſt his ſpirit
'(*The ſpring of life*) did in mans limbs inſpire it:

'For as Gods beauties are paſt all compare,
'So is mans ſoule all beautifull and faire.
'As God's immortall; and is never idle:
'Mans ſoule's immortall; and can brooke no bridle,
'Of Sloth, to curb her buſie intellect,
'He Ponders all; ſhe poizeth each effect,
'And mans mature and ſetled Sapience
'Hath ſome Alliance with Gods providence:
'God workes by reaſon; man by rule, God's glory
'Of the heav'nly Stages; man of th' earthly ſtory;
'God's great high-Prieſt; man his great Vicar here,
'God's Soveraigne Prince; & man his Viceroy deere.
'O man! aſſoone as God had framed thee,
'Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;
'Made all the creatures know thee for their Lord,
'And come before thee of their owne accord:
'And gave thee power (as Maſter) to impoſe,
'Fit ſenſefull names unto the hoaſt that rowes,
'In watery Regions; and the wandring heards,
'Of Forreſt people; and the painted Birds.
'O too-too happy! had that fall of thine
'Not canceld ſo the Character Divine.
'But ſith our Soules now-ſin-obſcured light
'Shines through the Lanthorn of our fleſh ſo bright,
'What ſacred ſplendor will this Star ſend forth,
'When it ſhall ſhine without this vaile of earth?
'The Soule here lodg'd, is like a man that dwells;
'In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noyſome ſmells;
'In an old houſe, open to wind and weather;
'Never in health, not halfe an houre together:
'Or (almoſt) like a Spider, who confin'd,
'In her webs Center, ſhak't with every winde;
'Moves with an inſtant, If the buzzing flye
'Stir but a ſtring of her Lawne Canopie,
'Yet without woman man's but halfe a man,
'But a wild wolfe, but a Barbarian,

‘Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,
‘Hating the light; whom nought but naught could like
‘Borne ſolely for himſelfe, bereft of ſence,
‘Of heart, of Love, of life, of Excellence.
‘God therefore, not to ſeeme leſſe liberall,
‘To man, then elſe to every animall;
‘For perfect patterne of a holy Love,
‘To *Adams* halfe, another halfe he gave,
‘Ta'en from his ſide, to binde (through every age)
‘With kinder Bonds the ſacred Marriage.
‘For, God eſpi'd our Grandſires lively looke,
‘Through all his Bones a deadly chilneſſe ſtrooke,
‘Siel'd-up his ſparkling eyes with Iron bands,
‘Led downe his feet (almoſt) to *Lethi* ſands;
‘In Briefe, ſo numm'd his Soul's and Body's ſenſe,
‘That (without paine) opening his ſide, from thence
‘He tooke a Rib, which rarely he refin'd,
‘And thereof made the mother of mankinde:
‘Graving ſo lively on the living bone,
‘All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
‘Could have the lover from the love deſcry'd,
‘Or knowne the Bridegroome from his gentle Bride:
‘Saving that ſhe had a more ſmiling Eye,
‘A ſmother Chin, a Cheek of purer dye,
‘A fainter Voyce, a more inticing face,
‘A deeper Treſſe, a more delighting grace,
‘And in her boſome (more then Lily-white)
‘Two ſwelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.
‘Now, after this profound and pleaſing Trance,
‘No ſooner *Adams* raviſht eyes gan glance,
‘On the rare beauties of his new-com halfe,
‘But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,
‘Kiſſing her kindly, calling her his life,
‘His Love, his ſtay, his reſt, his weale, his wife,
‘His other-ſelfe, his helpe (him to refreſh)
Bone of his bone, fleſh of his very fleſh:

‘S

'Source of all Joyes! ſweet *Hee-ſhee* coupled one,
'Thy ſacred birth I never thinke upon,
'But (raviſh't) I admire how God did then
'Make two of one, and one of two againe.
'O bleſſed Bond! Oh happy marriage!
'That doſt the match twixt Chriſt and us preſages!
'O chaſteſt friendſhip, whoſe pure flames impart
'Two ſoules in one, two hearts into one heart!
'O holy knot, in Eden inſtituted
'(Not in this earth with Blood and wrongs polluted,
'Profan'd with miſchiefes, the preſcene of Hell
'To curſed creatures that 'gainſt heav'en rebell)
'O ſacred Cov'nant, which the ſin-leſſe Sonne
'Of a pure Virgin (when he firſt begun
'To publiſh proofes of his dread power *Divine*,
'By turning water into perfect wine,
'At leſſer Cana) in a wondrous manner,
'Did with his preſence ſanctifie and honour;
'By thy deare favour, after our deceaſe,
'We leave-behind our living Images,
'Change war to peace, in kindred multiply,
'And in our Children live eternally.
'By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton fires,
'that in our Soule the Paphian ſhot inſpires:
'And taught (by thee) a love more ſirme and fitter,
'We find the Mel more ſweet, the Gall leſſe bitter;
'Which here (by turnes) heape up our humane life
'Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and ſtrife.
'This done, the Lord Commands the happy paire
'With chaſte embraces to repleniſh faire,
'Th'unpeopled world; that while the world endures
'Here might ſucceed their living pottraitures.
'He had impos'd the like precept before,
'On th'irefull droves that in the deſarts roar,
'The feth'red flocks, and fruitfull-ſpawning legion,
'That live within the liquid Chriſtall Region,

'Thenceforth therefore, Beares, Beares ingendered;
'The Dolphins Dolphins; Vultures, Vultures bred;
'Men, men: and nature with a change-leſſe courſe,
'Still brought forth Children like their Anceſtors.
'So morne and evening the ſixt day conclude,
'And God perceiv'd that all his workes were good.
Now'tis apparent why the ſmooth fac'd wench
Upon this day hath the preheminence,
Of other plannets, for ſhe governs thoſe
That unto venery themſelves diſpoſe,
As fidlers, Players, Jewellers, Dyers,
Painters, Dancers, whores, and *Cupids* Squiers:
Her birth was rare: ſhe came of the Seas frath,
Produc't by Saturne, for when he was wrath,
Hee caſt his Fathers members in the Sea,
Of which (as Poets ſay) came this faire ſhee,
'Faire dainty *Venus*, whoſe free vertues milde,
'With happy fruit gets all the world with childe.
'Whom wanton dalliance, dancing and delight,
'Smiles, witty wiles, Youth, love, and Beauty bright
'(With ſoft blind *Cupids* evermore conſort)
'Of lightſome day opens and ſhuts the Port:
'For hardly dare her ſilver doves goe far,
'From bright *Apollo's* glory beaming Car,
O Lord, how wonderous are thy workes Divine!
How in all creatures doth thy glory ſhine!
This day a lone doe's thy rare works declare,
Thy goodneſſe unto ſinfull men who are
Depriv'd, bereav'd of that moſt glorious forme,
With which thou didſt this day his ſoule adorne.
O grant that I may labour to repaire
Thy Image in me, and in Chriſt ſeeme faire,
And that like *Venus* in faire vertues race,
I goe not far from Chriſt the Son of Grace:
But keepe (*I* pray) my body and my minde
From ſinfull luſt O rather let me finde,

A vertuous, Carefull, honeſt, loving Mate,
In Joy and peace to ſpend this mortall ſtate.

Saturday or Dies Sabbati.

THe cunning *Painter*, That with curious care,
'Limming a Land ſcape, various, Rich, and rare,
'Hath ſet a worke, in all and every part,
'Invention, Judgement, Nature, Uſe, and Art;
'And hath at length (t'immortallize his name)
'With weary Pencill perfected the ſame;
'Forgets his paines; and, inly fill'd with glee,
'Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
'Firſt, in a Mead he markes a friſking Lamb,
'Which ſeemes, (though dumb) to bleat unto the dam,
'Then he obſerves a wood, ſeeming to wave:
'Then th'hollow boſome of ſome hideous cave:
'Here a high way, and there a narrow path:
'Here pines, there oakes torne by tempeſtuous wrath:
'Here from a craggy Rocks ſteep-hanging Boſſe
'Thrumm'd halfe with Ivy, halfe with criſped Moſſe)
'A ſilver Brooke in broken ſtreames doth guſh,
'And headlong downe the horned Cliff doth ruſh,
'Then, winding thence above and under ground,
'A goodly Garden it bemoateth round:
'There on his knee (behind a Box-tree ſhrinking)
'A skillfull Gunner with his left eye winking,
'Levells directly at an Oke hard by,
'Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry;
'Downe falls the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies,
'A Ruddy flaſh that in a moment dies.
'Off goes the gun, and through the Forreſt rings;
'The thundring Bullet, borne on fiery wings:
'Here, on a greene, two Striplings, ſtripped light,
'Run for a prize with labourſome delight;
'A duſty cloud about their head doth floe
'(Their Feet, and head, and hands, and all doe goe).

'They ſwelt in ſweat; and yet the following rout
'Haſtens their haſte, with many a cheerefull ſhout.
'Here ſix pyed Oxen, under painefull Yoke,
'Rip up the folds of *Ceres* winter Cloak.
Here in the ſhade a pretty Shepheardeſſe,
'Brings ſoftly home her bleating happineſſe;
'Still as ſhe goes, ſhe ſpins; and as ſhe ſpins,
'A Man would think ſome Sonnet ſhe begins,
'Here runs a River, there ſprings forth a fountaine,
'Here vailes a Valley, there aſcends a mountaine,
'Here ſmokes a Caſtle, there a City fumes,
'And here a Ship upon the Ocean loomes.
'In briefe, ſo liv'ly Art hath nature ſhap't,
'That in his worke, the workmans ſelfe is rapt,
'Unable to looke off; for looking ſtill,
'The more he lookes, the more he findes his skill:
'So th' Architect (whoſe glorious workman ſhips,
'My Cloudy Muſe doth but too-much eclipſe)
'Having with Pain-leſſe paine, and careleſſe care
'In theſe *ſix dayes*, finiſh't the Table faire
'And infinite of the' *univerſall Ball*,
'Reſted *this day*, to' admire himſelfe in all:
'And for a ſeaſon, eying nothing elſe,
'Joyes in his worke, ſith all his worke excells
'(If my dull, ſtutting, frozen eloquence
'May dare conjecture of his high intents)
'One while, hee ſees how the ample Sea doth take,
'The liquid homage of each other lake;
'And how againe the heav'ns exhale, from it,
'Aboundant vapours (for our benefit:)
'And yet it ſwells not for thoſe tribute ſtreames,
'Nor yet it ſhrinks not for thoſe boyling beames;
'There ſees he th' Ocean, peoples plenteous broods,
'And ſhifting courſes of the Ebs and floods;
'Which with inconſtant glances night and day,
'*The* lower Plannets forked front doth ſway.

, Anon, upon the flowery Plaines hee lookes,
' Laced about with ſnaking ſilver Brookes,
' Now, he delights to ſee foure Brethrens ſtrife,
' Cauſe the worlds peace, and keepe the world in life:
' Anon, to ſee the whirling Spheares to roule,
' With reſtleſſe dances about either Pole;
' Whereby, their Creſſets (carryed diuers wayes)
' Now viſit us, Anon th' *Antipodes*.
' It glads him now, to note, how th' Orbe of flames,
' Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the frame:
' How th'aires glib-gliding firmeleſſe body beares,
' Such ſtore of fowles, haile-ſtormes and floods of teares,
' How th' heavy water, prone'ſt to deſcend,
' Twixt Aire and earth is able to depend.
' And how the dull earths propleſſe maſſie Ball,
' Stands ſteddy ſtill, juſt in the midſt of all.
' Anon his noſe is pleas'd with fragrant ſents
' Of Balme, and Baſill, Murrh, and Frankincenſe,
' Thyme, Spiknard, Hyſop, Savory, Cinamon,
' Pink, Violet, Roſe, and Clove-Carnation.
' Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody
' Of winged conſorts-curious harmony:
' For, though each Bird, guided with Art-leſſe Art,
' After his kind, obſerve a ſong apart,
' And yet the burden of their ſeverall layes
' Its nothing but the heav'n-Kings glorious praiſe.
' In briefe th' Almightie's eye, and *Noſe*, and *Eare*,
' In all his workes, doth nought *ſee*, *ſent*, or *heare*,
' But *ſhowes* his greatneſſe, *Sauors* of his grace,
' And *ſounds* his glory, over every place.
' But above all, Mans many beauteous features
' Detaine the Lord more then all other creatures:
' Man's his owne Minion; Man's his ſacred Type:
' And for mans ſake, he loves his workemanſhip:
' Not that I meane to faine an idle God,
' That lurks in heav'n and never lookes abroad,

'That crownes not vertue, and corrects not Vice,
'Blind to our ſervice, deafe unto our ſighs;
'A Pagan Idoll, voyd of power and Piety,
'A ſleeping Dormouſe (rather) a dead Deity;
'For though (alas) ſometimes I cannot ſhun;
'But ſome prophane thoughts in my mind will run,
'I never thinke on God, but I conceive
'(Whence cordiall comforts Chriſtians ſoules receive)
'In God, Care, Counſell, Juſtice, Mercy, Might,
'To puniſh wrongs, and Patronize the right:
'Sith Man (but Image of the Almightieſt)
'Without theſe gifts is not a man, but Beaſt.
'God is not ſitting (like ſome Earthly ſtate)
'In proud Theater him to recreate
'With curious objects of his eares and eyes
'(Without diſpoſing of the Comedies)
'Content t'have made (by his great word) to move
'So many Radiant Stars to ſhine above;
'And on each thing with his owne hand to draw.
'The ſacred text of an eternall Law:
'Then, boſoming his hand to let them ſlide,
'With raines at will, whether that Law ſhall guide:
'Like one that lately having forc't ſome lake,
'Through a new Channell a new courſe to take,
'Takes no more care thenceforth to thoſe effects,
'But lets the ſtreame run where the ditch directs.
'The Lord our God wants neither diligence,
'Nor love, nor Care, nor power, nor providence,
'Hee prov'd his power, by *making* all of nought
'His diligence, by *ruling* All he wrought:
'His care in *ending* it in ſix dayes ſpace;
'His love in *building* it for *Adams* race,
'His providence (Maugre Times waſtfull rages)
'*Preſerving* it ſo many yeares and Ages.
'For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
'By his owne greatneſſe caus'd his proper fall?

'How often had this world deceaſt, except
'Gods mighty Armes had it upheld and kept?
'God is the Soule, the life, the ſtrength, and ſinnew,
'That quickens, moves, and makes this frame continue.
'God's the maine ſpring, that maketh every way,
'All the ſmall wheeles of this great Engin play.
'God's the ſtrong *Atlas*, whoſe unſhrinking ſhoulders
'Have beene and are heav'ns heavy Globes upholders.
'God makes the fountaines run continually,
'The dayes and nights ſucceed inceſſantly:
'The Seaſons in their ſeaſon he doth bring,
'Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
'God make's th'earth fruitfull, and he makes the earth's
'Large ſides not yet faint for ſo many births.
'God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,
'That yet their heat, themſelves inflameth not;
'And that their ſparkling beams prevent not ſo,
'With woefull flames, the *laſt* great *day* of woe,
'And that (as mov'd with a contrary wreſt)
'They turne at once both North, and Eaſt and Weſt:
'Heav'ns conſtant courſe, his heaſt doth never break:
'The floting water waiteth at his beck:
'Th' Aire's at his call, the fire at his command,
'The earth is his; and there is nothing ſam'd
'In all theſe kingdomes, but is mov'd each houre,
'With ſecret touch of his eternall power.
'God is the Judge, who keepes continuall Seſſions,
'In every place to puniſh all tranſgreſſions;
'Who void of Ignorance and Avarice,
'Not won with bribes, nor wreſted with device,
'*Sans* feare, or favour; hate, or partiall Zeale;
'Pronounceth judgements that are paſt appeal.
'Himſelfe is judge, Jury, and witneſſe too,
'Well knowing what we all think, ſpeake, or doe:
'He ſounds the deepeſt of the doubleſt heart,
'Searcheth the Reins, and fifteth every part.

'He ſees all ſecrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye
'(Yer it be thought) doth every thought deſcry:
'His ſentence giv'n, doth never prove in vaine;
'For, all that heav'n, earth, ayre and ſea containe,
'Serve him as Sergeants; and the winged Legion
'That ſoar above the bright ſtar-ſpangled Region
'Are ever preſt, his powerfull miniſters:
'And (laſtly) for his executioners,
'Satan aſſiſted with th'infernall band,
'Stands ready ſtill to finiſh his command.
'God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan,
'That to his purpoſe aptly mannage can,
'Good or bad tools: for, for juſt puniſhment,
'He armes our ſins, us ſinners to torment.
'And to prevent th'ungodly's plot, ſometime
'He makes his foes, (will nill they) fight for him
'Though then, the Lords deep wiſdome, to this da
'Worke in the worlds uncertaine certaine ſway.
'Yet muſt we credit, that his hand compos'd
'All in ſix dayes, and that he then repos'd;
'By his example, giving us beheſt
'On the ſeventh day for evermore to reſt:
'For, God remembred that he made not man
'Of ſtone or ſteel, or braſſe *Corinthian*:
'But lodg'd our ſoule in a fraile earthen maſſe,
'Thinner than water, britler than the glaſſe.
'He knowes our life is by nought ſooner ſpent,
'Than having ſtill our minds and bodies bent,
'A ſouldier that a ſeaſon ſtill hath laine,
'Comes with more fury to the field againe:
'Even ſo, this body, when (to gather breath)
'One day in ſev'n at reſt it ſojourneth;
'It recollects his powers, and with more cheer
'Falls the next morrow to his firſt career.
'But the chiefe end this precept ayms at, is
'*To quench in us* the coals of covetize;

it while we reſt from all prophaner arts,
ls Spirit may worke in our retired hearts;
it we down-treading earthly cogitations,
' mount our thoughts to heav'nly meditations.
owing good Archers guize, who ſhut one eye,
it they the better may their marke eſpie.
, by th'Almighty, this great holy day
s not ordain'd to dance, to maske and play,
ſlug in ſloth, to laſh out in delights,
l looſe the reines to raging appetites:
turne Gods feaſts to filthy *Lupercalls*,
frantike *Orgies*, and fond Saturnalls:
dazle eyes with our vain-glorious ſplendor,
ſerve ſtrange gods, or our ambition tender;
the irreligion of looſe times hath ſince
ing'd the prime Churches chaſter innocence,
iod would that men ſhould in a certaine place
s day aſſemble as before his face,
ıding an humble and attentive eare
learne his great names dear-dread loving-feare:
would that there the faithfull Paſtor ſhould
: Scriptures marrow from the bones unfold,
ıt we might touch with fingers (as it were)
e ſacred ſecrets that are hidden there.
,though the *reading* of thoſe holy lines
rivate houſes ſomewhat move our minds;
ubtleſſe, the doctrine *preach'd* doth deeper pierce,
ves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
would that there in holy Pſalmes we ſing
ill praiſe and thanks to our immortall King,
all the liberall bounties he beſtow'th
us and ours, in ſoule and body both:
would that there we ſhould confeſſe his Chriſt
: only Saviour, Prophet, Prince and Prieſt,
emnizing (with ſober preparation)
bleſſed ſeales of reconciliation:

'And in his Name, beg boldly what wee need,
'(After his will) and be aſſur'd to ſpeed;
'Sith in th'exchequer of his clemency
'All goods of fortune, ſoule and body ly.
'He would this Sabbath ſhould a figure be,
'Of the bleſt Sabbath of eternitie:
'That the grand *Iubile*, the feaſt of feaſts,
'Sabbath of Sabbaths, endleſſe reſt of reſts;
'He would this day, our ſoule (ſequeſtered
'From buſie thoughts of worldly cares) ſhould read
'In heav'ns bow'd arches, and the elements,
'His boundleſſe bounty, power and providence,
'That every part may (as a Maſter) teach
th'illiterate, rules paſt a vulgar reach.
'The world's a Schole, where (in a generall ſtory)
'God alwayes reads dumb lectures of his glory.
'The world's a booke in *Folio* printed all
'With God's great works in Letters capitall.
'Each creature is a page; and each effect
'A faire character, voyd of all defect.
'Heare this dumb Doctor, ſtudy in this booke,
'Where day and night thou maiſt at pleaſure looke,
'And thereby learne uprightly how to live;
'For every part doth ſpeciall leſſons give,
'Even from the gilt ſtuds of the firmament,
'To the baſe centre of our element.

The reaſons why the Sages on this day
Doe place the Planet *Saturne*, to beare ſway
Are moſt conſpicuous, hence I'll ſhow his birth;
Cœlum begot him, *Veſta* brought him forth,
He was produced of the earth and ſky,
Being the foundation of the progeny,
Of heathen Gods, as *Pluto*, *Neptune*, *Iove*,
And *Venus* her fairefelfe, goddeſſe of Love.
The time he liv'd was call'd the golden age;
For, earth brought fruit without the Plowes tillage.

Men peacefull were, and did to reſt repoſe,
But by his ſonnes there much contention roſe:
'Ingenious *Saturne* Spouſe of memory,
'Father of th'age of gold though coldly dry,
'Silent and ſad, bald hoary wrinckle faced,
'Yet art the firſt amongſt the Planets placed;
'And thirty yeeres his leaden coach doth run,
'Yet it arrive where his carere begun.
He governes Moores, Monks and the antient Jewes.
Decrepid old men, and all thoſe that uſe
To worke in Leather, earth, or on a grave,
To ſhow that mens deſire is reſt to have.
Therefore the uſe of this day ſhall be this,
To contemplate of heavens glorious bliſſe;
You heathen Poets, henceforth let be dumb
Your fabled praiſes of *Elizium*;
For, the Almighty made his bliſſefull bowers
Better, far better, than what's fain'd of yours.
Your's but a ſhadow, and a fabled ſtory,
But this is perfect reall ſolid glory:
For never any eye, nor eare nor heart
Could ſee, heare or perceive of the leaſt part
Of that great glory, yet I doe admire,
How heathen men ſo highly ſhould aſpire:
For in their fained ſtories they ſuppoſe,
Strange bleſſings *Iove* on their juſt men beſtowes.
Great *Iove* is he that rules the ayre and ſky,
And is adorned with great Majeſty.
In his right hand is the *Amalthean* horne,
But in his left, thunder and furie's borne.
He can command all other heathen gods,
Rewarding Vertue, Vice correct with rods.
With thundring ſtormes he makes the earth to ſhake,
And in his fury *Pluto's* ſelfe to quake:
But in his clemency he powreth downe
Sweet Honey Nectar, Vertues head to crowne

His palace he doth keepe in royall ſort,
For all the Gods attend upon his court.
Pallas for wiſdome, *Venus* for beauties grace,
Mercury there for eloquence hath place,
Bacchus for joy, *Vulcan* the fiery God
For zeale: for love *Cupid* hath there abode.
Pan and *Apollo* with their muſique ſhrill,
Doe all heav'ns Court with bliſſefull pleaſure fill.
Thus are *Pandora's*, or the vertuous bleſt,
And live with *Iove* in a perpetuall reſt.
But whither doe I run out of my ſtory,
Thus to inſiſt on heathens fained glory?
O! let me now with eye of faith behold
A glorious city all of beaten gold.
The walls of Jaſper, and the gates ſhin'd bright,
Being twelve in number, each a Margarit:
The ſtreets and lanes were paved every one
With gold, inlaid with pearles and pretious ſtone.
There is no need of Sun or Moone, or Star,
For Chriſts bright glory paſſeth all theſe far
Who ſits i'th midſt, and ſhineth cleare and bright
There is no darkneſſe, nor no diſmall night.
And from Chriſts throne, a ſtream of water cleare,
Doth flow as Chriſtall, and there doth appeare,
Upon each bancke the Tree of life to grow,
Which beares perpetuall fruit, there is no wo,
No griefe nor ſorrow, nor the dreadfull feare
Of death or danger, as we live in here.
This Citie's breadth and length both equall are,
Twelve thouſand furlongs, each it is foure ſquare:
And there the Saints keep a perpetuall feaſt,
With joy and reſt that cannot be expreſt.
Thus is this happy place deſcrib'd by *Iohn*,
In the laſt Tract of his bleſt viſion.
By the moſt glorious things, that we doe know
The glorious bleſſednesſe thereof to ſhow.

ow learn'd Divines ſay man by his creation
in three places his aboad and ſtation:
irſt is in a narrow darkſome place,
econd's in this faire worlds mantled face.
Empyreum is the laſt, which is
e to come, place of eternall bliſſe.
, what proportion this life doth ſurpaſſe,
ife we had in that moſt narrow place:
ame and much more to the Saints are giv'n
it moſt glorious happy place call'd heav'n:
is worlds globe compared to heav'n bright,
: a point, a pricke voyd of true light:
onclude, as this world doth exceed
iothers wombe wherein ſhee did me breed,
:auty, pleaſure, joy, delight and bliſſe,
th that palace far ſurmount all this.
as a living man in wit and ſtrength,
ty and learning bodies, breadth and length,
farre exceed a childe in's mothers belly,
nd much more Saints in this royall City
far excell men on this earthly ſtation
auty, knowledge, and in true ſalvation;
as great horror would a Saint be in,
ome from heav'n to earth to live in ſin;
man growne would feare to goe againe
his mothers womb, there to remaine:
as the nine moneths there compar'd unto
ld mans life is little: even ſo,
more, Eternity doth paſſe all time
: men here live, why ſhould I then thus rime,
ake conjecture what the learned are
rant of, and I in wit am bare,
efore I'll leave to ſpeake of this bleſt place,
view the jewels in this golden caſe:
, there's the preſence of the Lord of hoſts,
ane the Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt.

The Fathers Majeſty and glorious might,
And Chriſt at's right hand deckt with wondrous light.
The Spirit in milk white robes of ſanctity,
One God in three, and three in unity;
On either ſide a quier of Angels ſings,
Archangels, Cherubins and Seraphins,
The ſoules of righteous men and bleſſed Saints,
Apoſtles, Prophets, Martyrs, Innocents,
There ſhall appeare with crownes upon their heads
For their victorious acts and worthy deeds;
Theſe keepe a Sabbath in eternall reſt,
Such glorious joy can never be expreſt.
There's reſt, no toyle, there's joy without all paine,
Peace without ſtrife, content that is not vaine.
There's ſafety without feare, bliſſe without end,
O! that God would my poore ſoule thither ſend.
For here I labour, and have ſeldome peace,
Content's a rare thing, vaine luſts never ceaſe;
But there I ſhould hold a perpetuall feaſt,
Sing ſuch a ſacred tong as heav'n likes beſt,
Weare ſuch a crowne as never ſhould decay,
Poſſeſſe a dwelling that ne'r falls away,
Fully enjoy God, and ſee his bright face,
Whoſe preſence onely makes a happy place.
Therefore the godly ſay, it is ſmall paine
Hell torments to endure, this to obtaine.
Therefore I humbly pray I may ſo here
Upon the earth live, that I may appeare
After my ſoule hath put off's mortall caſe,
Pure and unſpotted in this reſting place;
Then ſhould I truly keepe a Sabbath day,
And in bright glory ever reſt for ay.
'Where with the Prophets, and Apoſtles zealous,
'The Conſtant Martyrs, and our Chriſtian fellowes,
'Gods faithfull ſervants, and his choſen ſheepe,
'*In Heav'n I hope* (within ſhort time) to keepe.

FINIS.